Week ending August 30 1952
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JOHN BULL

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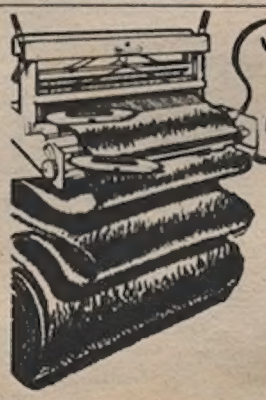

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JOHN BULL EDITORIAL

Doomed homes

As the winter draws nearer, millions of the families who live in rented houses and flats are examining their draughty doors and windows, tumble-down roofs and unpainted walls—and are crossing their fingers.

Their landlords refuse to act. With rents pegged at prewar levels while repair costs have risen 300 per cent many cannot afford to do so.

The result is that houses in Britain are falling into decay at the rate of 200,000 a year. Both the former Minister of Health, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and the National Federation of Property Owners agree on that figure.

There is no agreement, however, on what must be done to prevent half the houses in the country from becoming slums.

Landlords are agitating for a rise of fifty per cent on all fixed rents. Meanwhile, some of them want to give their property away.

Lord Silkin was offered a row of houses as a gift because the owner could not afford to keep them up for the 7s. 6d. a week rent each yielded. Lord Silkin turned the offer down.

To put such houses into thorough repair after perhaps twenty years of neglect would take several years' rent—and landlords, however unpopular they may be as a class, still insist with reason that they have a right to live and need money to live on.

It has been estimated that the average weekly amount spent on repairs for the ordinary small house let at between 6s. and 10s. a week was—in 1939—between 1s. 3d. and 2s.

Today, 5s. is the minimum, and many landlords have to spend an average of £1 a week to keep their houses habitable.

A seventy-year-old widow in Abergavenny owns six houses. She gets £16 from all of them each six months.

"After repairs, I received a balance of 1s. 9d. in one quarter," she says.

Five years after the first World War a limited rise in rents was permitted. But while the cost of food, clothes, and other necessities is so high today and wages are kept down to ward off galloping inflation, it would be hard on many tenants to allow a similar increase now.

And neither the last nor the present Government has dared to risk the wrath of the millions of rent-payers by proposing such a rise.

Yet houses must not be allowed to crumble away—and make nonsense of our building programme by creating as many homeless as newly housed.

There are five possible ways in which the situation might be improved without undue hardship. They are:

(1) Increase substantially the tax allowance for repairs under Schedule A.

(2) Permit landlord and tenant to agree on a new fair rent, with the Rent Tribunal acting as arbitrator.

(3) Take off rent restriction, but hand back to the tenant all increases over his present rent for repairs.

(4) Let the local council decide on necessary repairs and lend landlords the money to do them on a low interest rate.

(5) Bring the earliest fixed rents up to a new agreed level and put a fair part of the increase into a local Repairs Fund, thus making those who have benefited the longest help those paying higher rents.

The solution lies in a combination of these.

Let an all-party committee get together and agree on the best way out.

Britain cannot afford to lose 500 houses a day because the politicians are afraid to lose votes.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Artist Malcolm Haylett says, "I frankly confess that I've never watched a football match in my life. I owe this painting to my wife—she usually has all the ideas." He, his wife—also an artist—and daughter, aged two, live at St. Ives in an old Cornish cottage high above the harbour. He began to make a name during the war when news of his talented sketches of fellow privates got around. He was promoted to painting generals.

Happy landings at Trinco!

"We're home again—lying snug in the harbour at Trincomalee. That's in Ceylon and it's the base of the Navy's East India Squadron. I'm a seaman in H.M.S. Kenya, flagship of the squadron and we're just back from exercises in the Indian Ocean. Plenty of excitement then! Now for a spot of sightseeing — round the town in a rickshaw or maybe watch the pearl-diving in Tambalagam lagoon. Might even organise a crocodile hunt some week-end!"

YOUNG MEN aged 17-23 years — here's your chance. The Navy offers you a choice of many great jobs and the opportunity to see the world. Pay is good, prospects bright, and you'll find plenty of grand pals. It's a great life in the Navy!

You'll be better off in the **ROYAL NAVY**

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A word to husbands

Many a husband believes that if he dies without making a Will, his whole estate passes to his widow. Usually it does not, and under the existing law it is possible for the main benefit on an intestacy to go to distant relatives. By making a Will a husband can protect his wife's interests, and by appointing the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company he can ensure that those interests will have sympathetic and expert care.

MIDLAND BANK

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

MOTHER – it's no use coaxing!

When children are cross or irritable and turn against food, it's often due to 'stasis'—the Doctor's word for sluggish bowels. Never ignore this condition but, on the other hand, don't pander to it by coaxing the child to eat. Healthy children are always ready for their meals.

To restore eager appetite, high spirits and rosy cheeks 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. Containing extracts of both senna and ripe figs, its pleasant taste makes a special appeal to youngsters. So if 'stasis' is the cause of your child being out of sorts, remember that 'California Syrup of Figs', gentle but sure in action, will soon restore regularity, bright eyes and a sunny nature.

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AUGUST 30, 1952 VOL. 92 NUMBER 2409 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

Free Speech

The high cost of earning £1,000 a year

HAPPIER days ahead, I thought, when I was promoted from an engineer at £9 a week to departmental manager at more than £1,000 a year. My wife persuaded me to leave our comfortable council house for an infernally draughty country house. At the office I have been badgered into joining a golf club—"so important for meeting the right people"—and I find the game not only expensive but ridiculous. My travelling expenses are paid but I spend at least £3 a week taking more of the right people out to lunch—"so important for making contacts." My wife, of course, is buying a new wardrobe so that she can meet the wives of the right men. —D. H. H., Coventry.

Seaside Without Boats

WHILE on holiday at Jaywick, in Essex, I watched a rescue which could easily have been a tragedy. For more than an hour, a man had to cling to a small buoy, shouting for help, before a motor boat arrived to save him. We who were on the beach could see and hear him and we felt so helpless that we tried to carry from some distance inland a small, flat-bottomed pleasure craft, in which we hoped to reach him. Had we succeeded in launching this boat, it would very likely have been overturned by the choppy sea and a greater tragedy could have resulted. There should be small rowboats (on wheels for quick transport) parked at intervals on our beaches, for use in rescue work.—S. A. RAYNER, 5 York Close, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk.

Silence In The Bank

DAILY, for more than twenty-five years, I have used both post offices and banks and I cannot help noticing the different behaviour of customers in each. If people are kept waiting in the post office they quickly become impatient and not infrequently pass audible and pointed remarks about the clerk. In the bank, however, these same people stand in stolid queues without betraying the least impatience, despite bank counters being often understaffed. Is the explanation that,

in one, Government servants are regarded as fit subjects for attack and, in the other, the proximity of vast wealth is enough to awe us into silence?—A. W. SMITH, 84 Mayswood Gardens, Dagenham, Essex.

Woman's Blind Eye

GIVING about ten free lifts a week to people of all classes, I placed a box in the map compartment of my car, displaying the approved label of a certain charity, and marked it "Free Lifts." I make no comment to my passengers, and this is what usually happens: The workman drops his bus fare in the box without comment. The business man gives freely, asks questions and shows a keen interest. Women, such relentless pursuers when they are collecting on flag days, ignore the box completely. —J. E. OGDEN, 24 Tynedale Road, Strood Green, Betchworth, Surrey.

Can't Afford Church

FAMILIES who attend church regularly feel they must support their church garden parties and whist drives, to say nothing of the bring-and-buy sales. So a remark I overheard—"I don't belong to a church because I can't afford to"—may well be one of the causes of dwindling congregations. —B. EARDLEY, Ivy Cottage, Lane Ends, Sutton, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

No Thanks

DURING my day's work as an official at a large omnibus station, I answer hundreds of questions. Foreign visitors never fail to express their thanks, particularly our friends from the Scandinavian countries. Americans are less polite but invariably offer a cigarette with their question, being annoyed if it is not accepted. But the British seldom remember the little courtesies. As a test, during a period of one hour, I counted seventy-two questions put to me by British people. Thirty-one of them failed to say either "please" or "thank you."—L. REIDFORD, 19 Danby Gardens, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Goodbye Kiss

Mrs. Amos

WHY do people look away as if they were ashamed when I kiss my husband goodbye at the gate when he goes to work? My parents were married forty years and I cannot remember one day that they did not kiss on leaving and welcoming each other. That was in Austria, but my husband, in spite of being an Englishman, got used to it very quickly.—MRS. ANNE AMOS, "Vienna," Grove Road, Ansty, Shilton, Coventry.

Germ War At Home

THANK goodness there are people like Mrs. Curley (JOHN BULL, August 9) to look out for the unclean handling of our food. I have seen a man serving milk from a churn in the street while dirt from a nearby dustcart blew all over him and, far worse, a grocer patting up butter and then licking the pat. — GWENETTE H. TURNER, 66 Isbourne Crescent, Fairfield, Evesham, Worcs.

. . . I asked a waitress in a café to replace a chipped and dirty cup. "Certainly," she replied, "you're the first person who's ever asked, and it's about time someone did."—MR. G. B. MIDGLEY, 255 School Road, Sheffield.

. . . Mrs. Curley "never heard what happened to the cup she sent to the Ministry of Food." Probably some civil servant has been drinking his tea from it ever since.—MRS. R. A. R., Harrow, Middlesex.

Mwangi's Choice

LIKE so many Europeans living in Kenya, East Africa, I had a houseboy in Longonot who was the perfect servant. His name was Mwangi. Before I left I wanted to repay him and offered a sum of money which was a fortune to him. He refused. I suggested that he take one of my British-made sports coats but he still shook his head. After much useless coaxing I asked him what he *would* like to remember me by. He delved into my suitcase and made his choice—an old but still colourful *Guide to London's Hotels*.—J. W. C., Coupar Angus, Perthshire.

Two Courses In One

REFERENCE to the pewter "doubler" dish ("Free Speech," August 9) reminds me of the Bedfordshire "clanger." My father, who worked in Bedford before the war, took his lunch to work and his landlady would give him a "clanger," which was a kind of roly-poly with meat in one half and jam in the other. The name may have come from the peal of bells which signalled that it was time to knock off for lunch. — MISS H. MANSFIELD, 5 Sunnyside, Kendal, Westmorland.

Birth Of A Legend

NORMAN PHILLIPS'S article on NAAFI (JOHN BULL, July 26) mentioned the legend that Servicemen are entitled to £1 from NAAFI funds for each year they have served. This legend has probably grown because, at one time, Servicemen were given £1 for each year of service when their engagement expired. This was by Royal Warrant, but was jocularly referred to as having come out of canteen funds.—W. E. MILLER, 21 Prior Street, London, S.E.10.

This scheme, which applied only to men who had not qualified for a pension, operated from 1914-1932.

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a new series
by PAUL BRICKHILL
author of the best seller
"The Dam Busters"
Coming soon in JOHN BULL

Hungry Trueman

PERHAPS some of your readers are wondering where Freddie Trueman (JOHN BULL, August 16) gets the energy to bowl so fast? As a friend of his, I know: he has the biggest appetite of any man I've met. He always has two helpings whenever he can. In the R.A.F. he often goes out of camp for another meal, yet he is the first to praise the cookhouse food. Once, after a game in which he played very well, his father told him: "For that, you can have anything money can buy—within reason." Freddie didn't even stop to think. "Right," he said, "ham and two eggs."—G. A. W., Lincoln.

Dangerous Journey

TRAVELLING by bus in summer can be positively dangerous. All the windows are open and columns of draughts go marching over the head and down the chest or into the small of the back. Result next day is a crick in the neck, a bad cold and even lumbago. Surely a bus could be ventilated in such a way that discomfort is not caused to the passengers.—D. T. EATON, 2 Tabernacle Terrace, Cwmavon, Port Talbot.

No Word For It

CHILDREN do not see their problems in the same light as your correspondent who suggested ("Free Speech," August 9) that they should be encouraged to talk over their fears and worries with their parents. I am young enough to remember my own feelings when, as a child, I was expected to confide my fears to my mother, so that we could "face them together." This ordeal gave me no comfort. Childish fears cannot be described in any words which a grown-up understands.—MISS A. R., Horsham, Sussex.

. . . Trying to laugh children out of their fears shows terrible thoughtlessness. Remembering my own reaction to these grown-up tactics, I shall impress upon my little girl that it is not silly to be frightened of anything. —MRS. W. M. HEARN, 23 Grove Parade, High Street, Slough, Bucks.

. . . One night, when I was a child, I thought I saw a black cat go behind the wardrobe in my room. My mother looked and assured me that there was nothing there. But if only she had shown me, it would have been much more effective.—MRS. A. BURFOOT, 271 Dunkery Road, London, S.E.9.

Talking On The Green

BOWLING greens encourage the most taciturn Englishman to be talkative. On our local green there is a notoriously strong, silent man who shouts at his "wood," ordering it to move this way or that. There is the coaxer whose quiet, persuasive voice and gesticulating hand encourage his wood. The foreman, dominant and often abusive, bawls and shouts at his wood as though it were a slacker lounging in the

workshop. A bowling green reflects human nature and very often reveals a man's attitude to his fellow men.—DONALD GREEN, 357 Thelwall New Road, Stockton Heath, Warrington.

Call For Aid

NEEDING a doctor urgently I spent some time searching for his number. If those of doctors, hospitals and ambulances were placed in the front of the telephone directory vital time would be gained and it might mean the saving of a life.—MR. E. PAGE, 14 School Street, Sudbury, Suffolk.

Golden Tin Opener

PHILIP HARBEN'S kitchen (JOHN BULL, August 2) made me smile. In the photograph the implements on the

Harben in his kitchen

rack behind him appear to be a tin opener, two screwdrivers and a monkey wrench.—MISS J. POXTON, 67 Sandringham Road, West Hartlepool.

Mr. Harben explains: The tin opener is gold plated and was given to me by a tinned-food manufacturer. It is only for show. The "screwdrivers" are steels for sharpening knives and the monkey wrench is for odd plumbing jobs and for pulling the feathers out of turkeys' tails.

How Time Flies

AFTER a grand holiday, snapshots were being passed around and admired when our young son called me to his bedroom. "Mother," he asked, "do you know what I would like for *Christmas?*" I have never flown by Comet to Rome in time for lunch but I'm sure it has nothing on the time machine piloted by our seven-year-old. —MRS. J. MACKAY, 2 Brunswick Place, Edinburgh.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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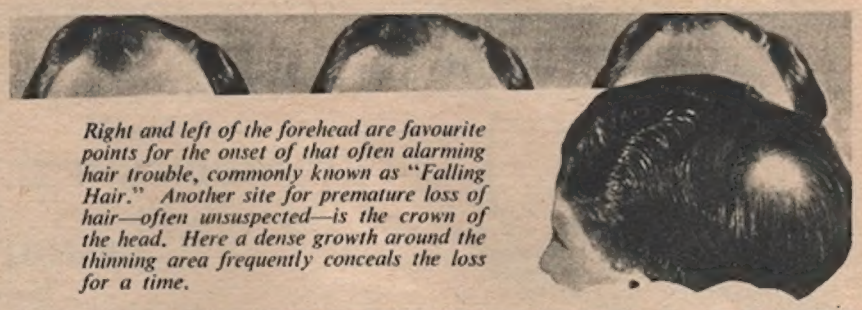

Right and left of the forehead are favourite points for the onset of that often alarming hair trouble, commonly known as "Falling Hair." Another site for premature loss of hair—often unsuspected—is the crown of the head. Here a dense growth around the thinning area frequently conceals the loss for a time.

CONSULTING HAIR SPECIALIST'S NEW TREATMENT For PREMATURE HAIRFALL, GREYNESS, DANDRUFF and OTHER HAIR DISORDERS

UNHEALTHY HAIR SHEATH

In this illustration the weak, relaxed Hair Sheath, gaping wide open, allows the hair (which may be quite healthy) to fall out easily. It also permits dandruff to penetrate, and choke the growing hair.

HEALTHY HAIR SHEATH

Tightly braced up Hair Sheath holds hair fast.

Remarkable results are being achieved by the new treatment. It is especially prepared for each of the different types of cases by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the well-known Consulting Hair Specialist, of Blackpool. The following letters afford most gratifying evidence of the results obtained:—

"Your treatment has stopped the hair from falling, arrested the greyness and improved the growth wonderfully."—Mr. E. J., Stoke-on-Trent.

"My hair has improved beyond all recognition."—Mrs. D., Leighton Buzzard.

"Your treatment really is wonderful. I have a nice head of hair, which I never expected to have again."—Mr. J. S.

Readers who are suffering from any hair disorder should at once fill in and post the form below for a free copy of Mr. Pye's book, "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES." It is clearly printed on good paper and contains enlightening diagrams and illustrations on every page. Post the form or a written copy to:

Arthur J. Pye, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool, J.35.

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Grouchy grammarian declines "irregularity"

Poor old Erasmus. Once he was the best syntax-collector in the business. Now he's like a subject without an object. "Hail," I said. "Served any long sentences lately?"

"*Nothing but bad language,*" *rasped Erasmus.* "*If I don't find something for this constipation of mine, I shall become a past participle. Figuratively, I feel like a smoked-out pipe.*"

" Literally," I said, "a *pipe* is the trouble."

"*?*" *said Erasmus, with inverted eyebrows.*

" The pipe I mean," I said, "is the one you have inside you. It's 30ft. long, and your intestinal muscles have to pull everything you eat through it. But, nowadays, when we eat mostly soft, starchy food, they have nothing to grip on, and their punctuation breaks down."

"*What happens then?*" *asked Erasmus, parenthetically.*

"A bad case of catalectic anacoluthon," I said, "caused by a full-stop in your colon. The net result is constipation, and you become the victim of all the irregular verbs. What you need," I said, "is *bulk*."

"*No more medicines for me!*" *pouted Erasmus.*

"Agreed," I said. "You'll give your system all the *bulk* it needs simply by having All-Bran for breakfast every morning. You'll like it a lot, and it'll soon make you 'regular.' "

"*I wish I were sure,*" *said Erasmus, subjunctively.*

I *was*, of course; and when I met Erasmus a week later, wearing a grin like a split infinitive, I said: "So you feel better, eh?"

"*I do, indeed,*" *declared Erasmus.* "*That marvellous All-Bran made me 'regular' in four days! Does everybody know how good it is?*"

" That," I said, "is a rhetorical question."

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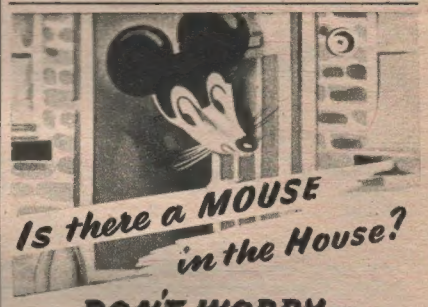

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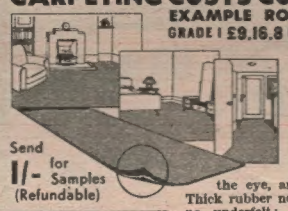

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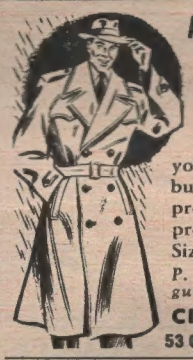

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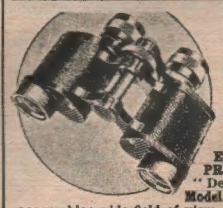

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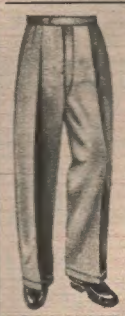

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The old fencing master was forced right back to the wall. He was sweating and out of breath. He tried a lunge, but De Parma was ready for him

A MAN OF PEACE

by LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

The fencing master loved his daughter. He had to risk humiliation for her

I READ IN THE PAPER the other day about the death of a man I used to know—not on the obituary page among the peaceful ends, but on the front page where deaths of violence are reported. This man, Ramón De Parma, had been assassinated during an abortive three-day revolution in his native South American country.

He had been a colonel of the army, the report said, and a man of considerable power in that military-clique-ridden country. He had been shot while he was having breakfast on the terrace of his home overlooking a beautiful bay.

It would have been more ironic, in a way, if he had been run through with a sabre, instead of a bullet. I knew him before he was a colonel of the army. I knew him when he was a boy of eighteen or nineteen. It was at a boys' boarding school on Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. I was about twelve myself.

The school was called the *Ecole Internationale*. I remember my parents—and those of other English boys, too—were worried by one subject in the syllabus. *Escrime*. Fencing. The word struck an unfamiliar, medieval note. They needn't have worried. Monsieur Claude Lafleur, the fencing master, had about as sinister designs on the wholesome nature of their son as a flower has on a bee.

ILLUSTRATED BY KENNETH WYNNE

I saw Lafleur for the first time after I'd been at the school for about a week. He was striding across the gravel courtyard of the old château which was now the school. I didn't know who he was—I was one of those unlucky ones protected from the alien notion of swordplay—but I don't think anybody could have seen him once without looking again.

He was in his early fifties then, I suppose, lean and wiry and about middle-sized. He wore a little pointed dark imperial and a waxed moustache, and there was a genially diabolical upcurve to his eyebrows. He had on a black

De Parma was furious that I had caught them there together. He wrenched himself away from her

Homburg hat, buff linen spats, and a slightly seedy black overcoat with a white rose in the buttonhole. He wore the coat thrown across his shoulders like a cape and he carried a malacca cane, which rumour later assured me was a sword cane.

He strode across the courtyard towards the gymnasium, jauntily swinging his stick, and disappeared around a corner. I sneaked into the gym that day to see what went on there, and afterwards rushed off to my room to explain to my mother in a letter all about why fencing was an absolutely indispensable part of my education. I must have been pretty persuasive because I managed to get back a kind of dubious assent —wedged in between wistful panegyrics upon tennis and soccer.

THE school provided the equipment, and there I was in the gymnasium a half-hour ahead of time the next Friday. Lafleur made his entrance exactly on the hour, dressed in slim white trousers and a spotless white canvas fencing jacket with a scarlet heart embroidered on it. His mask was tucked under his left arm, his foil held loosely in his right hand.

"Messieurs," he said, and snapped his foil up in front of his face, then let it swing gracefully downwards and outwards towards his right side as he bowed from the waist.

We were a polyglot crew he was addressing so elegantly. There were about fifteen of us, ranging in age between eleven and nineteen, from almost every country under the sun.

A few of us, myself included, made a stab at returning Lafleur's fancy salute, but even *I* knew most of us made a mess of it. Only one of us didn't. He was a boy I'd never seen before, a tall, athletically built young Latin of eighteen or nineteen with a startlingly handsome dark face and beautiful teeth. He imitated Lafleur's salute exactly, or almost exactly. It had equal precision and equal grace but it contained an element of mockery in the depth of the bow, in the almost girlish delicacy with which the weapon was handled, which subtly changed the courtesy to a discourtesy.

Lafleur seemed to see only the signs of a practised hand. He smiled appreciatively and went up to the young man, who apparently was a newcomer to the class, too, because Lafleur asked him his name.

"De Parma, monsieur," he said. He stood very straight, speaking distinctly. "Don Ramón Jesús Sebastian Miguel De Parma y Malaga."

"You seem to have some knowledge of your weapon, Monsieur De Parma."

"On my eighth birthday my father engaged a private fencing master for me, monsieur," De Parma said. "I have studied with him ever since."

Lafleur's eyes brightened with pleasure. "When you were eight," he said. "Ah, that's the time to begin—when the foil is heavy. Your fencing master, was he a Frenchman?"

"French, monsieur, like yourself."

"They are certainly among the finest," Lafleur said, smiling, "but you mistake me. I am a Swiss."

De Parma bowed his head slightly in acknowledgment, and Lafleur returned to the front of his class.

"Your attention, messieurs," he said. "I must run the risk of wearying our friend De Parma by speaking about fundamental things to those of you who are less experienced than he. First of all, we should agree about why you are here. A sword is a weapon. Yet in these days, you will say, surely men no longer need to defend themselves with a sword. Just so. You are right. Then why, you will ask me, should modern young men waste several hours a week learning skill in the art of swordsmanship?"

He paused and looked at each of us. De Parma stood listening silently with the trace of a smile on his face.

"You will perhaps see that I have answered my own question," Lafleur continued. "I have said the *art* of swordsmanship. If you will permit the prejudiced declaration of a man who has studied it humbly for fifty years, it is the noblest in the noble company of arts. But then, you might ask, is the mastery of a fine art worth the trouble? I can only say to you that I deeply believe that it is. To understand with humility how near to perfection human beings dare to reach is worth any trouble. I believe that a man who understands this will be a better man than he was. And surely, messieurs, that is the object of life."

HIS creed stated, Lafleur began to act on it. He put us in an *en garde* position, then walked down the line.

He finally got to me. It was perfectly clear that I didn't know my foil from my elbow. He examined my stance gravely. Finally, in a gentle voice, he said: "You do not mean to chop wood, I suppose?"

"No, monsieur."

"Then grasp your foil lightly so that you may use it. Like this." He demonstrated. "Hold your weapon always as you would hold a captive bird," he said, "so that it cannot escape you, but so you will not crush it."

Lafleur moved on till he got to De Parma. "And you, monsieur, I need not tell you how to hold your weapon," he said, smiling. "Perhaps you would care to show me some parries. Shall we try *seconde, tierce, carte* and *septime*? In that order, eh?"

De Parma nodded slightly and put himself on guard. "Thrust, monsieur."

Then I saw Lafleur in action for the first time. The moment he raised his foil, each movement had a purpose.

"*Seconde*, monsieur," Lafleur said, and made the thrust. De Parma executed the second parry expertly. "Excellent, excellent, your hand is strong. Now, *tierce*."

Together they went through the four

Continued on page 20

The House of the Seven Flies

by VICTOR CANNING

NEXT WEEK, JOHN BULL begins publication of a brilliant new novel by Victor Canning. It is called *The House Of The Seven Flies*, and it is one of the most gripping stories this master of suspense has ever written.

The brooding suspense is there right from the start . . . from the moment Edward Furse, the young skipper of a charter yacht, finds his passenger to Holland dead, inexplicably, in mid-ocean. Furse sails on. He meets the girl the dead man was to have met—and finds himself involved in a nightmarish adventure, pursued by police and underworld.

The House Of The Seven Flies is the third Victor Canning novel to be serialized in JOHN BULL. The others were *A Forest Of Eyes* and *Venetian Bird* (shortly to be seen on the screen). Like them, it begins in JOHN BULL before book publication.

This serial is bound to be enormously popular. To make sure of reading every instalment, you should place a regular order with your newsagent or bookstall now. The first long instalment appears . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Jim Guthrie presides at the head of the table at a Players' Union committee meeting. With him (from left) are Cliff Lloyd, Reg Halton, Jimmy Fay, Danny Winter (with back to camera), Reg Parker and Frank Walton. This season they hope to see parts of the Players' Charter in operation

Guthrie shoots for the footballers' union

by ERIC BENNETT

Club directors call him a money-grubbing trouble-maker, but Jimmy just laughs as he campaigns for the Players' Charter

ONE SATURDAY AFTERNOON some twenty years ago a jute magnate with a controlling interest in Dundee, the Scottish League Division A football club, strode into the team's dressing-room after they had drawn a match.

"Your team," he said to young James Guthrie, the captain, "is miles too slow. All players will report here at 10 a.m. on Monday."

On the following Monday the players appeared and stripped. Then, at the director's request, they sprinted down the pitch, while he timed them with a stopwatch.

"This is nothing to do with football or football training—it's nonsense," protested Jimmy Guthrie, and the next time they were asked to sprint against the watch he and a group of senior players refused to start.

"Insubordination," snapped the director, and ordered them into the boardroom. There he told them: "I have just returned from Calcutta. There, 100,000 coolies obeyed my instructions implicitly. It will be a funny thing if I can't get a couple of dozen footballers to do the same."

"Are you comparing Scottish footballers with coolies?" asked Guthrie.

"Why not? You are all paid labour. Needs must, when the devil drives."

"Well, you are not driving us, so you can put your whip down," said Jimmy firmly, and with a few well-chosen words he walked out. The director never appeared in the dressing-room again, and Guthrie stayed on as captain.

That was James Guthrie's first brush with the business side of big football. Today, as chairman and organizer of the Players' Union, he is the spokesman of more than 3,000 professional footballers, who are asking for higher wages and better contracts. It is largely due to Guthrie that the players' provident scheme has come into being, that the joint advisory committee of representatives of the Players' Union, the Football League and the Football Association has been made to work, and that a Ministry of Labour committee of inquiry was set up to report on conditions.

Under the chairmanship of Sir John Forster, the committee included Herbert Sutcliffe, the former Yorkshire and England cricketer, and Max Woosnam, English amateur international footballer. Its report, nicknamed the "Players' Charter," has suggested the limitation of transfer fees to £15,000, of which only one-third would go to the selling club, with the remainder divided between the F.A. and a players' benevolent fund, and the raising of maximum wages.

A natural leader, Jim Guthrie, of Luncarty in Perthshire, was captain of every team he played for, from the time he left school to the day he retired. Club directors and league officials have called him to his face a Bolshevik, a trouble-maker and a money-grubber. Jimmy laughs.

"I am not doing this work for myself," he says. "I have always been able to fight my own battles and I shall never starve while I have a pair of hands. But I have never liked to see the small men in football get pushed around."

He fought his first wages battle at Dundee in the days when there was no minimum and no maximum rate of pay, and some of the players were lucky to get £5 a week. One season, Guthrie, as skipper, advised the players not to sign until the club made better offers. They all said they agreed. Next day he read in the newspapers that four had signed on the original terms. One by one the footballers gave in, until only Guthrie and three others were standing out. One of the "rebels," a young player of great promise, came to Guthrie and said: "I'm sorry, Jimmy, but my father insists that I sign with the club."

"Don't be a mug," said Guthrie. "You are a finer footballer than I could ever be. You are worth more money. Hold out and you'll get it."

But the young man signed, and so did the remaining two players. Guthrie stood out alone. He met his colleagues on the day he finally agreed his own contract with the club. Dundee officials told him that they had decided to give the last three men each an extra pound a week. When the youngster drew his money he came to Guthrie, and asked for an explanation.

"That's a bit extra I've won for you," said Jimmy. The youngster thanked him and added: "I wish I could have stuck it out with you."

"So do I," answered Jimmy. "You see, I've been given the extra pound and another thirty bob a week on top." He had shown how to negotiate from strength—strength of character.

Pepping Up The Final

James Guthrie was made captain of Dundee, where he played at right half-back. Transferred to Portsmouth in 1937 he led them to victory in the last Cup Final before the war.

"It was what might be called a Gland Final. Both sides had the idea of giving the teams gland injections to pep us up. I don't know how the Wolves felt, but a lot of our chaps were literally sore about it all."

A few weeks later Guthrie fractured his skull in a road crash. He was not expected to live, but before long he was once more leading Portsmouth with all his old aggressive skill. In 1942 they lost 0-2 to Brentford in the London

Continued on page 31

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES (3)

A SECRET MISSION - THEN WE SAIL FOR RUSSIA

by Commander EDWARD YOUNG, D.S.O., D.S.C.

We had some vital documents to pick up, and a date in the Arctic Circle with our suspicious allies. The language was a difficulty, but the non-stop political nagging of the unglamorous Gellina was worse

IN THE SUMMER OF 1941, shortly after my escape from the submarine *Umpire*, which was sunk in a collision at sea, I was appointed to *Sealion* as torpedo officer. *Sealion* had been almost continuously in the fighting line since the beginning of the war. During the German invasion of Norway the S-boats had suffered heavy losses in desperate battles in the constricted, shallow and heavily mined waters of the Skagerrak.

The officers were all strangers to me, but by accepting me at once on equal terms, despite their many patrols in *Sealion*, they helped me to overcome the results of my frightening experience in *Umpire*. To restore my nerve, I could not have had a better commanding officer than Lieut.-Commander B. Bryant.

Ben Bryant was one of those men who are big enough to give you confidence in yourself by assuming you can do your job without appearing to check up on you. He believed in taking the game of war seriously; nevertheless, it somehow always seemed a game. He strove continuously to make himself and his men as efficient as possible, and was out to hit the enemy with all he knew, but he did so with such an air of gay bravado that half the time you had an odd feeling that you were playing at pirates. With his erect height, his sea-dog beard and arrogant eye, he was the typical submarine captain of the public imagination. He had a fine command of the English language, which he used to good effect in recounting

As soon after nightfall as we dared, we surfaced. With our gun crew giving him cover, the young French agent canoed over to the fishing boat

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

yarns in the wardroom, inventing ballads, or expressing his opinion of some ineptitude on the part of one of his officers or men. He had the rare gift of being able to switch without loss of dignity from commanding officer to entertaining messmate.

One of the most remarkable characters in *Sealion* was the chief engine-room artificer, "Skips" Marriott, a tall, saturnine submarine E.R.A. of the old school, with a highly developed sardonic humour. At sea he wore a peculiar headgear of his own invention, a long oblong of cardboard twisted into strange shapes and stuffed into a dirty old navy blue balaclava; and when he walked through the control-room on his way to the engine-room with his loping gait and eyes twinkling in a dead-pan face, he might have been a crafty old monk straight out of the pages of Boccaccio.

Story In The Verses

Many months later, glancing through his rough engine-room register, I came across several verses scrawled on the oil-smudged pages in his firm, bold hand, and among them the following lines which tell the tragic story of the S-boats in the early months of the war better than I can:

Twelve little S-boats "go to it" like Bevin,
Starfish goes a bit too far—then there were eleven.

Eleven watchful S-boats doing fine and then
Seahorse fails to answer—so there are ten.

Ten stocky S-boats in a ragged line
Sterlet drops and stops out—leaving us nine.

Nine plucky S-boats, all pursuing Fate,
Shark is overtaken—now we are eight.

Eight sturdy S-boats, men from Hants and Devon,
Salmon now is overdue—and so the number's seven.

Seven gallant S-boats trying all their tricks,
Spearfish tries a newer one—down we come to six.

Six tireless S-boats fighting to survive,
No reply from Swordfish—so we tally five.

Five scrubby S-boats patrolling close inshore.
Snapper takes a short cut—now we are four.

Four fearless S-boats too far out to sea,
Sunfish bombed and scrap-heaped—we are only three.

Three threadbare S-boats. . . .

Two ice-bound S-boats. . . .

One lonely S-boat. . . .

His completion of the list, leaving the blanks to be filled in later (I am glad to say it was not necessary; *Sealion*; *Seawolf* and *Sturgeon* survived to the end of the war), is an example of the buoyant sense of humour, fatalistic but far from defeatist, which inspired most of *Sealion's* crew. Contact with men who had soldiered on through hard fighting and seen their "chummy boats" go down one by one was the best possible antidote to my state of nerves.

On the evening of September 12 we sailed from Portsmouth for fourteen days' patrol in the Bay of Biscay. A minesweeper escorted us to the end of the swept channel, where we dived to catch a trim and wait for darkness. I disliked that first dive very much, but it was worse after we had surfaced and were pressing on down the Channel through a pitch-black night. Sitting in the wardroom or lying in my bunk, I expected every moment to hear the telegraphs ring down for "full astern together" as a prelude to the crash of a collision. I was like a nerve that has been jabbed and fears being jabbed again.

Felt Safer Under Water

During my first watch on the bridge that night I spent the two hours in a state of near-panic. Wherever I looked I imagined I saw ships suddenly close and about to hit us. I began to think it was no use, that I was going to be no good. Luckily, in my second watch towards morning the visibility improved and I calmed down a little. But it was a great relief when the sky showed signs of growing lighter and the captain decided to dive. I felt safer under water; it was the thought of another surface collision at night that worried me.

We reached our billet off Lorient just before dawn on the second day. One of the objects of this patrol was to make a night rendezvous with a French fishing-boat and pick up some important secret documents that were being smuggled out of occupied France. The fishing-boat was to identify itself from time to time during daylight by allowing its sails to flap unsheeted and by sending a man up the mast. On the appointed day, as luck would have it, the wind fell light, and we found ourselves in the middle of a small fleet of fishing-boats, all lying becalmed on an oily swell with their sails slatting lazily from side to side. The captain nearly went crazy.

Using the periscope in that glassy calm without allowing it to be seen was in itself an exacting job, without the added difficulty of weaving our way in and out of all these boats and trying to identify our fisherman. It was not until the late afternoon that we spotted a man climbing up a mast. There might be several reasons for any of them to have a man up the mast, but we had to take a chance, and as dusk was falling we closed him, submerged.

As soon after nightfall as we dared, we surfaced within hailing distance. We had brought with us a young Frenchman, who had made several trips in and out of France since the occupation; we sent him over in a collapsible canoe to identify his friends and make sure there was no monkey business. In case of trouble we had the gun trained on the fisherman. The canoe went alongside, there was some rapid conversation, and then our Frenchman called out to us: "O.K., Commandant!" The fisherman sent over a boat. Two suitcases full of papers were handed up to us, followed by a bottle of wine as a "*cadeau pour le Capitaine*," and in return we passed down a bottle of Scotch. While this was going on, the look-outs observed another fishing vessel, without lights, drifting suspiciously close to us. We cut short our genial conversation, hurriedly re-embarked our French passenger and the canoe, and retired discreetly into the night.

Ordered To The Arctic

Apart from this and a couple of false alarms, we had an uneventful patrol. By the end of it, I felt confident that my nerve was almost restored, though I never afterwards quite got over my feeling of uneasiness when on the surface at night, particularly in home coastal waters, and I always felt happier under water.

On September 25 we were back in Fort Blockhouse, enjoying our drinks in *Dolphin's* wardroom before dinner, and sitting long over our port in the gracious dining-hall, with its minstrels' gallery and its polished mahogany tables. Two surprising pieces of news had greeted us. Ben Bryant was leaving *Sealion* to take over *Safari*, the first of the new improved S-class submarines; he was to be relieved by George Colvin, whom none of us knew. And *Sealion* was to winter in the Arctic Circle, based on a north Russian port near Murmansk.

Lieutenant George Colvin, our new captain, had been in command of *Sunfish* until a German bomb had damaged her beyond repair while she was in dry dock. More recently he had brought back from Iceland the first German U-boat to be captured. He had a pale skin, and at this time sported a small, square-trimmed, bright red beard. When he smiled, tight wrinkles ran along the bridge of his pink nose. I grew to like him more than any other submariner I ever met.

Autumn was already well advanced when we sailed, and every mile would take us nearer to the polar region. We stopped off at Dunoon in the Clyde to take in special stores and arctic clothing, and called at Scapa Flow for a final re-fuelling. The night we left Scapa, with fifteen hundred landless miles ahead of us, it was blowing a full gale from the north. As we battled our way into it, the wind and sea increased to a fury that I had never imagined possible. It was a fitting start to a voyage that seems in retrospect to have been a succession of mountainous seas and nights of misery.

From now on I had to get accustomed to a routine that was typical of the winter drudgery

Lieutenant George Colvin, *Sealion's* captain on the Arctic trip. The following year, he was lost in *Tigris*, depth-charged in the Mediterranean

Commander Edward Young with some of the crew of *Sealion*. In tough battles, they kept a buoyant sense of humour, fatalistic but never defeatist

Some of *Sealion's* crew. They grew beards to go to Russia but found Red sailors clean-shaven

experienced by all submarines operating in northern waters. Night after night of roaring wind, hurtling seas, scratch meals, and dampness everywhere: water pouring down the conning-tower and sluicing over the control-room deck to find its way into the bilges, and no chance of ever drying your clothes. Worst of all was the torture of being woken up when it was your turn to go on watch at night.

"Ten to two, sir, your watch and the first lieutenant says to tell you it's still very wet up top, sir." Someone is shaking you by the shoulder, but you can't believe it, and return protesting to the warm cocoon of your dream of fair women, until the brute shakes you again more roughly. "Five minutes to go, sir." With a great effort of moral courage, you force yourself on to one elbow and survey the hideous scene in the half-darkness, envying the others who can still go on snoring behind their curtains, and trying to make yourself believe that the motion of the ship is not quite so bad as it was when you turned in four hours ago. But the hanging lamp over the table is still swinging violently and you can feel the boat under you rolling and crashing as wildly as ever.

Groaning, you tumble out on to the heaving, shuddering deck, and you are not sure if you are going to be sick. You struggle into your wet Ursula suit (a special form of clothing for wet weather, designed by the captain of the submarine *Ursula* at the beginning of the war) and sea-boots, and stagger along the passage. As you climb the tower another sea fills the bridge and cascades down over you and into the control-room. With a curse you pull yourself through the hatch and on to the bridge. The night is black as the devil, the screaming wind full of vicious spray; another thundering mass of water tumbles on board, and you hang on to save yourself from being swept away.

You step up to the front of the bridge. You are three minutes late, and Number One is not pleased. He waits until you think you can see efficiently, then hands over the watch and scrambles thankfully below. How you envy him! You settle down to endure your two hours of timeless misery, peering into the storm, ducking as water leaps over the gun platform and springs up at you with seemingly deliberate malice.

Like A Tormented Whale

Water is in your boots, down your neck, up your sleeves, and your fingers are frozen in your sodden gloves. You watch the sea for some sign of an abatement of its violence, but ahead of you in the darkness the long shape of the submarine's fore-casing goes on lifting, plunging, staggering, like a tormented whale, now rearing to heaven, now hurtling down into the valley, now vanishing altogether in a cauldron of boiling fury. You grit your teeth and force yourself to resist the siren sleep.

When the end of your watch draws near, the minutes drag on interminably. If your relief is late you begin to hate him with a passion of which you would never have believed yourself capable. When at last he arrives, full of apologies and absurd excuses, you can hardly trust yourself to speak to him. But soon you are below and climbing into your bunk for another four hours of blissful oblivion.

Vasco, the navigating officer, was a terror for being late on watch. Number One refused to be relieved by him, so it fell to my lot to suffer the agonies of having an extra ten or fifteen minutes added to my watch. Later, Number One and I conceived the brilliant idea of starting all the watch-keeping periods at ten minutes past the hour, without letting on to Vasco, who thereafter never ceased to complain bitterly of Number One's tardiness in relieving *him*. Vasco and I got into the habit of speaking comic German when handing over the watch, solemnly acting the parts of two humourless, pompous U-boat officers and always ending with *"Gott strafe England!"* and a ridiculous Nazi salute. In high winds this was transformed into Wagnerian opera. The look-outs thought we were quite mad.

While the rough weather continued, we had little peace, even when submerged by day. The waves were often so deep that at periscope depth we rocked like a crazy pendulum and had the greatest difficulty in keeping the required depth. Through the periscope we saw a desolation of tossing water, the horizon (when we could see it at all) swinging wildly up and down, and every other wave drowning the periscope in a tumbling welter of green water and aerated foam. Sometimes it was so bad, and so expensive on the battery because of our constant speeding up to keep the depth, that we were forced to drop down to the blindness and comparative peace of deep water, though after many days of high seas the wave motion was still perceptible as far down as eighty feet.

Surfacing in really rough weather was a frightening business. There was a tricky moment before we reached full buoyancy, and before the water had drained out of the bridge casing, when the boat was extremely unstable, and if we surfaced with our beam to the waves there was a serious danger of being rolled right over. These early S-boats were particularly tender in this respect, and one of them is believed to have been lost through turning turtle. We had to be careful to come up with our bows heading almost directly into the sea. When diving, on the other hand, we had to turn beam on to the waves, otherwise their lifting tendency would prevent us from forcing the bows under.

As we drew nearer to the Arctic Circle the winds began to moderate a little, the sky cleared, and we were able to check our position by observations. By night the flaming curtains of the aurora borealis ran among the stars in green and purple undulations, and every day at noon the sun was perceptibly lower in the southern sky. Gradually we recovered from the effects of the stormy weather, dried our clothes, ate proper meals, caught up on lost sleep, and settled down to the numerous amusements that pass the time of submariners at sea.

We played many games. Pontoon, backgammon, chess and cribbage were fairly common. My favourite game was the peculiar version of poker dice known as "Liars," which grew subtler the more you played with the same

Continued on page 29

British warships at Polyarnoe, the Russian naval base in the Arctic. Skis and horse-drawn sledges were the normal methods of getting about

FACE IN THE NIGHT

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

The killing was easy. The rest should be, too—for a man with money and a new face

THE PROBLEM, as Marklin saw it, was to destroy his identity. That done, the rest would be easy. It took him about a month to find the answer and work out the details. Then, on a smeary Sunday morning in late autumn, he took the first positive step. With a suitcase full of money and new clothes he left his digs at Holmforth and caught the 8.37 to Manchester. There he deposited the case in the cloakroom, went to a phone kiosk, and rang up the Saville Hotel.

"I want," he said, "a single room for Thursday. For a week. The name is Walter Smith. . . . Confirm it in writing? Certainly."

During the day he posted a card to the Saville, headed by an imaginary address. Back at his digs in the evening, he savoured the prospect of the future. By Thursday night James Marklin would be dead, and Walter Smith would have a lot of money.

On Monday, as usual, he took the 8.24 bus to Lingbridge, the straggling little hamlet that had given its name to the great new nuclear fission station where the pale towers reared almost 400 feet skywards. Previously, there had been only enough business to keep the modest branch of the Metropolitan Bank open once a week. Now, he and Harry Foster were working full time there. The wages of 4,000 workmen gave them plenty to do.

The bank itself, a stone bungalow, crouched at the south end of the street, and it was quicker to alight at the bus stop on the outskirts of the hamlet and walk on, rather than ride to the terminus and walk back. He stepped down, and strolled towards the bank, a tallish, square-shouldered figure in a grey overcoat and black Anthony Eden hat. Most people would have described him as an attractive young man, with his straight features, greyish-blue eyes and clipped brown moustache, a relic of Army service.

It was a rather uninspiring ribbon of street. On the left spread a sad, poorly hedged field, grazed by a few sheep. On the right was the first of the street lamps, erected since the atomic station had been commenced. It stood outside Rose Cottage, which was small and swart

Continued on page 29

Foster stepped into the room. As he did so, the poker swirled down with terrific force

TV's star fixer cuts the red tape

Though the B.B.C. prefers a more respectable title, he is really a contacts man—with pals in Government offices, the Services and even Scotland Yard

by WILFRED GREATOREX

FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES describe Imlay Newbiggin Watts as the most obliging, most diplomatic and most "organized" man in B.B.C. television. Watts, a fast-talking, eagle-nosed extrovert of forty-six, spends most of his waking hours getting less worldly-wise colleagues out of scrapes, tangles, embarrassing situations and jungles of orders, rules, and regulations.

One Alexandra Palace executive, not usually given to rash assertions, recently declared: "Imlay is our brightest star. He can fix anything." When, some months ago, television producer Michael Mills and booking manager Holland Bennett found themselves stranded in Hamburg during an act-spotting tour, it was Watts to whom they turned for help.

"We had chased the artists we really wanted all the way from Hamburg to Hanover and back," recalls Bennett, "only to find they had gone on to Berlin. We had no plane reservations for Berlin, and couldn't rake up enough German marks to get us there, anyway." They phoned Watts in London. Within half an hour he was back on the line to say that they now had seats on the next B.E.A. plane, and would be met on arrival at Gatow Airport. He had also taken care of their currency troubles as well as the military permits they needed.

Watts is TV's contacts man, though the B.B.C. prefers the more respectable title of special programme projects officer, a post made for Watts in 1947. Already a TV veteran, Watts was then in charge of presentation, which meant being blamed for anything that did not run smoothly behind the scenes. But even then he was being increasingly relied on by producers, writers, roving cameramen and executives as "a general inquiry bureau on pretty well everything except income tax and affairs of the heart."

Because of this, and after shepherding a procession of Continental artists across the Channel, he was called one afternoon before Cecil McGivern, the present controller. McGivern told him he was wasted where he was, and that what he really ought to be doing was a job in which he cauld be useful to anybody who wanted something organized. It seemed a wide and hazy brief. When the five-minute interview ended, however, Watts was a full-time professional "fixer."

Ever since, he has been kept adequately occupied handling requests ranging from simple translations in dealings with foreigners to negotiations with embassies over visas, passes and military permits. He has organized the entertainment of foreign diplomats, V.I.P.s and overseas TV experts visiting B.B.C. studios; bridged the gap between public monopoly TV and the private enterprise radio industry; and dealt with telegrams, cables and phone calls of varying urgency from TV men and artists stranded, obstructed or otherwise inconvenienced anywhere in the world.

Round The World Link-up

Watts arranged the TV contacts at each stopping-place for Wynford Vaughan-Thomas's *Round The World In Eight Days* programmes. He prepared the ground for the historic telecast from Calais in 1950. And when newsreel cameraman Charles de Jaeger ran out of film in Rome during his global wanderings in the *Special Correspondent* series, it was Watts who conjured up fresh supplies for him.

During the 1951 General Election a famous politician due to take part in the weekly televised debate, *In The News*, found that he had to address a public meeting in Scotland the night before. To be fresh for the programme he insisted on a sleeper on the overnight train. Every berth, however, had been booked. The politician, an ex-Cabinet Minister, could do nothing about it at his end.

"It looked a forlorn hope," recalls the producer, "but I tried Imlay." Soon afterwards, British Railways laid on an extra sleeping coach. "It was all quite above board," says Watts. "I went through normal channels."

Friend Of Ambassadors

The same technique worked when a harassed senior B.B.C. official ran into difficulties in the visa department of the U.S. Embassy in London. After being detained more than an hour over his application to enter America he rang Watts. "It worked," he says. "Imlay had me out in a quarter of an hour—with my visa."

Watts is known personally to almost every ambassador in London, to the high commissioners and many diplomats, and has "pals," as he likes to call his contacts, in Government departments, travel agencies, multiple stores, fashion houses, the Services, airlines, Scotland Yard, the West End, the film industry, the medical profession and even in less likely quarters such as travelling circuses. "I'm rather short of pals behind the Iron Curtain," he admits, "though I have one or two in Poland."

For a man with so many interests, he does little entertaining and likes to meet contacts over lunch in clubs and small, Continental-style London restaurants. He talks animatedly most of the time, often about his own work.

"Imlay delights in conversation, especially one-sided conversation," says a friend. "But he likes everybody so much they can't help liking him. His contacts are friends for life." There was an instance of this when a man he had last met nearly five years ago phoned from France with the tip that a film container, which appeared to be addressed to the B.B.C., had been left at an aerodrome near Paris. "It's labelled *Grand Slam—Naval Manoeuvres*," the contact reported. "What should I do with it?"

Watts had heard nothing about it, but he asked that it should be put on the next plane to Northolt. It turned out to be an important sequence ordered from America by a producer who was preparing a programme about Western Defence.

Customs Men Are Allies

The Special Programme Projects Department is a lofty office at 46 Portland Place, London, 100 yards from Broadcasting House, furnished with fourteen chairs, paintings by Continental artists, table, settee, desk, reading lamps and draughtsman's bench. There Watts greets visitors, talks over their difficulties with producers, and answers calls filtered by his dark-haired secretary, Pamela Sutton.

"We are," she says, "a sort of world Bradshaw." Pamela handles some requests herself. She passes on the tougher ones, like the inquiry from a producer who wanted to know if a certain Sûreté detective involved years ago in the Condé Diamond case was still alive, and if so, where. Watts personally handles all

Producers and technicians confer in the special programme projects office. Watts (right) makes his plans for this year's National Radio Show. His secretary, Pamela Sutton, is on the left

Imlay Watts gives some advice to television's Sylvia Peters. He likes to meet his contacts in clubs and small, Continental-style restaurants

relations with the Customs authorities, whom he regards almost with reverence. "They help us in many ways," he says.

Once, he had a call from a Customs officer at Dover who explained that a lively package was wandering, lost, in the shed and causing some perturbation. "She's French, can't speak a word of English, and tries to explain things by parading about like a mannequin. Also, she keeps saying 'Monsieur Watts.' Is she yours?" Imlay, knowing that some Paris models were giving a TV performance the following day, immediately claimed ownership.

"Nowadays," he says, "if we have anyone missing on their way from the Continent, I usually call the Customs boys first. They are particularly good at finding lost French mannequins."

Watts spends much of his time on the more unorthodox TV ventures, such as the B.B.C. Television Service's part in radio shows, and in organizing such prestige programmes as the one from Calais and the spectacular outside broadcasts of opera from Glyndebourne. With B.B.C. engineer G. T. ("Tubby") Myers, he designed the £20,000 "prefab" TV studios now in use at the nineteenth National Radio Show at Earls Court. He also took B.B.C. television to the Berlin Industrial Exhibition last year.

He is often jestingly called "Monsieur le Président" by colleagues who remember his Calais triumph. "Imlay's biggest job," recalls a colleague, "was to see that the French took it all as seriously as we did." On the night of August 15, 1950, two outside broadcasts vans carrying transmitting equipment, cameras and lighting units were landed at Dunkirk. "It was imperative," says Peter Dimmock, head of TV outside broadcasts, "that they cleared the Customs by midnight." Unfortunately, it was a national holiday in France, and nothing the B.B.C. men said made any difference. They sent for Watts.

He learned that the Chief of Customs was somewhere on the beach with his family, and began to search the thronged sands. "Finally," says Watts, "I found him. I apologized for disarranging his day off. Then we had a drink on it." By 10.15 p.m. the vans were rolling.

In Calais, the cameramen found everything laid on by Watts—the mayor, the local Press, the people and even a torchlight procession for the benefit of the viewers in Britain.

Mayor Helped The Joke

Surveying the town square, Dimmock jokingly told Watts he would like "twenty ponies, two caravans and a gipsy camp over there." On the eve of the broadcast, Watts invited him to have a drink in a local *estaminet*. They had been there only a few minutes when a tanned, flamboyant French gipsy burst in, bowed low before Dimmock and said something in French.

"What's he talking about?" asked Dimmock.

"He says," Watts translated, "'What should I do with the twenty ponies, two caravans and my people outside? They're blocking the street.'" Watts had been at work. "A most helpful man, the Mayor of Calais," he recalls, "with a sense of humour, too."

Watts's methods are not usually so obvious. He can be discretion itself about his contacts, but insists that he works mainly through "normal channels," complying with accepted procedures. "But where you have a pal," he says, "you can face red tape without tears."

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, Watts had a cosmopolitan childhood. He lived in the Argentine, Britain and France, was bilingual from an early age, and also had a smattering of Spanish. At eighteen, he joined his father in business. "Then," he says, "I got the movie craze and went into films." He joined TV in 1938 as a studio manager.

Once, he arranged a relay from a Paris cabaret. Twenty minutes before they were due on the air, however, there was a power cut. Imlay got in touch with a friend who ran a cycling club. He turned up with a group of members who took turns at generating electricity by pedalling. "It was damned nice of them," says Watts.

On his way from France to England for a conference, Watts was once delayed when fog grounded all aircraft. A contact told him of a young woman who might be able to arrange immediate rail and sea facilities as an emergency alternative. Watts was introduced to Francine Hayman. Later they were married and now live with their two children, Denis, five, and two-year-old Dagmar (both bilingual), in a ten-roomed house in Kensington. There, it is not unusual for him to be roused at two o'clock in the morning, or to be telephoned thirty to forty times on Sundays. When big enterprises are on the way, his life is never his own.

This was especially true of the first Glyndebourne broadcast. The idea was to show just what the B.B.C. could do with an important occasion, and Watts had to plan it like a second front. He arranged invitations, a special train from Victoria, seating and catering for the 560 guests, and was then asked by Dimmock to provide on the adjacent farmland, "sheep grazing peacefully, a herd of cows and a couple of sheepdogs." Knowing a head gardener who had a herdsman friend, Watts got them. "They made a lovely scene," he recalls, "typically English. But the cameras never once looked in their direction." THE END

The coroner said: "Are you a registered nurse?" Jennifer flushed and said "No." "But you were acting as a nurse?" the coroner said testily

The Far Country

by ***NEVIL SHUTE***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Carl's whole future depended on the coroner's finding. He sat tense and silent as Jennifer gave her evidence. Her heart went out to him

JENNIFER MORTON STOOD to face serious charges in an Australian court. She had helped Carl Zlinter, an unqualified surgeon, to amputate a man's leg after an accident. Through no fault of Zlinter's, the man had died, and the police had been making inquiries.

Jennifer, a London typist, had come to Australia on £400 left to her by her grandmother. She was staying at Leonora sheep station with relatives, Jane and Jack Dorman.

Zlinter was a D.P. from Europe. In his native Czechoslovakia he had been a surgeon; in Australia he had to serve for two years in a lumber camp before he could study again to qualify for his degree.

Jennifer had been visiting the lumber camp with Jack Dorman when the accident happened. In the grim hours immediately afterwards she had had little time to sum up Carl Zlinter. But when he called at Leonora, later, she was charmed by him, and touched by his loneliness.

Most touching of all, she found, was his obsession with a coincidence that had occurred to him. On the site of a nearby ghost town, he had found a gravestone bearing his own name and birthplace. With no family of his own in this new country, he wondered endlessly about this other Zlinter. Patiently he had followed what clues he found.

The last time Jennifer saw him he seemed to be near resolving the mystery. A Mary Nolan, still living, had been a "good time girl" in the earlier Zlinter's day. Rumour said she had known him intimately, indeed.

Jennifer, more deeply involved, emotionally, than she knew, marvelled that Carl could absorb himself in his namesake's world—a world that was dead and gone. For her, the present held too many problems. If the inquest on the dead lumberman held that Carl was to blame, he would probably be sent back to Europe. She could scarcely bear to think about that. To take their minds off the impending inquest, she and Carl planned a Sunday picnic in the Howqua Valley, near where Charlie Zlinter had once lived.

PART 6

Charlie Zlinter's Cabin

ON Sunday mornings the Dorman family slept late, but Jennifer was up by seven in the kitchen, with which she was now tolerably familiar. She was a fair cook in an unpractised way, capable of interpreting and following a recipe with a reasonable chance of an acceptable result. She made some pastry and cooked half a dozen sausages and made sausage rolls in the oven, and having the oven hot she made a few jam tarts.

Surveying the results of her efforts, she came

Continued on page 24

Britain's star comedian concludes his fascinating life story

The invitation to the Royal Command Performance set the seal on Ted's career—and he pulled it off with the gag of a lifetime. Today he has a happy home and the fame that earns £25,000 a year

I crown my career of fooling

by TED RAY

YOU MIGHT, I suppose, say I am on the top rungs of the ladder. I have done all and more than I set out to do when I walked on the stage at the Palace Cinema, Prescot, as "Hugh Neek." I have a weekly audience of over fifteen million; I have been King Water Rat (that is to say, head of the Variety Artists' own benevolent association); I have earned £25,000 in a year (and on several weeks I have picked up £600); I have got a thousand friends, a wonderful wife, and a couple of kids, one of them a film star. What more could a man want?

And I think I can say that I am free of many of the worries which a lot of men in my position have. You can laugh if you like, but one important reason why I am able to enjoy my work and my play is the fifteen minutes Yoga I practise every morning.

I get up at a quarter to seven, and the first thing I do is to sit cross-legged by an open window, rain or shine. I just breathe, relax, let everything go blank. And then I stand on my head for a minute. It clears the brain. The kids used to stand and laugh at me. "Look at silly old dad, standing on his head." Now I do not allow them to come in when I am doing my Yoga.

Afterwards I have a cup of hot water, and I am ready to start the day cleanly and freshly. I eat a very big breakfast for our household—one slice of toast. None of the others eats any breakfast at all. We have only two meals a day, lunch and supper. Eating is only a habit, you know.

I am a good cook, at least of bacon and eggs. Once I tried to make a steak-and-kidney pudding, however. Sybil was complaining about all the housework and things a wife had to do. So I said, "All right, you go to the pictures and I'll cook you a steak-and-kidney pudding." Unfortunately I rolled the crust a little too thin—I had six and a half yards of Nottingham lace. And when she came back the place was full of flour, there were four empty beer bottles and the steak-and-kidney pudding was absolutely ruined. She has never let me try since.

I am not much good as a handyman, either. I do try so hard, too. Sybil will say to me, "That lamp is out, dear." I go upstairs, get a new bulb, put it in—and *all* the lights go out. Then I have to go round looking for the fuses and I get them mixed up.

I remember once I tried to make a dog kennel. We had a little cocker spaniel named Weeter. He was not very intelligent, I am afraid. We went out to the pictures one night

Standing on his head for a minute is all a part of the Yoga exercises which Ted does first thing every morning. "It clears the brain," he says

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KEMP

Ted Ray looks on proudly as his son Andrew shakes hands with the Queen (as she was then) after the 1950 Royal Command Film Performance of *The Mudlark*. In this, Andrew played the part of a cockney urchin. Next to Andrew is the film star Tyrone Power. On the right is Princess Elizabeth

and left a cold chicken on the table. When we got back, the dog had not only eaten the cold chicken but had gone to sleep on the plate.

One day, Sybil said: "What about getting a dog kennel? We can buy one very cheaply."

"Why buy one?" I said. "I can make a kennel."

"Here we go again," said Sybil.

I got a lot of timber, nails and stuff, and without any plan, started to knock the wood together. When I had finished the contraption, it had a forty-five degree list to starboard and there were bits of wood sticking out all over the end. Sybil took one look at my handiwork and said: "No self-respecting dog would be seen dead near it." So she bought a smart green dog kennel. But good old Weeter would not go near it. He slept in mine. I loved him for that.

I have never prided myself on being a picture of sartorial elegance. I must admit that I like nothing better than an old pair of flannels and an old jacket that I can bulge out with pipes and pouches and cigarettes and wallets. I feel happy that way. Not long ago I had finished playing a game of golf and was dressed in my lounging uniform. I was walking down Regent Street when I decided to have a look at the news.

The newspaper-seller had gone for a pint or a cup of tea or something, so I picked up one of his papers, and just then I heard a voice at my elbow saying, "*Star*, please." I did not say anything because my voice gives me away. I have only to say two words and someone says, "It's Ted Ray." I just quietly gave him a *Star*. Then a voice said: "*Standard*, please," and when I turned round I had a queue of about six people.

I served them all with, might I say, alacrity. And I very honestly put the money in the box and beat a quick retreat before I was kept there for the day. When I told my wife about it she said: "Well, I told you, you always dress like a tramp." Maybe she's right.

I spend all the time I can at the golf links. Once I actually managed to hole in one. It was at the lucky thirteenth hole at Crews Hill. I think it is about 167 yards long. It was raining and we were playing off a wet tee. I took a number two iron—not one of my favourite clubs, but I felt I needed it to get up. I saw the ball hit the green once and then it seemed to stick, and I thought, that ball's very near the hole. We walked up the hill. The nearer I got to the hole, the nearer the ball seemed to be. As we walked up on the green, one of my opponents shouted: "Ted, that's an ace—you've done it!" And there was the ball jammed firmly between the cup and the pin. What a thrill! It so shook me I took eight strokes for the next hole, putting my ball straight in the bushes.

Tom Newman's Revenge

I was not so lucky on another sporting occasion, however. I was playing the Nottingham Empire, and in the theatre bar I met the great billiards players, Tom Newman and Melbourne Inman. I was cracking a few jokes and in pretty good form—pulling Tom's leg, and making him the butt of a few gags. He did not say much, but I don't think he liked it.

On the Wednesday afternoon they were giving a snooker exhibition. I went along to watch, and suddenly Tom stopped and he said: "Now, gentlemen, you will be entertained by two of the finest amateur players in the room—Mr. Inman and myself will take one each and we will play a four-ball, a four-handed game of snooker —Mr. Charlie Staircase [or whatever the local expert's name was] and Mr. Ted Ray."

In fact, I am not a good snooker player, and I protested, "No, no," but Tom said, "Oh, yes," and, believe me, if I made Tom look small in that bar, he certainly made me look small on that table. I think I potted one red, gave a very sorry exhibition and lost the game for our side. But we all like a game, and at home we have a full-sized billiard-table.

My son, Andrew, became a film star in the most peculiar way. Ben Lyon rang me up one day. Besides being a comedian, Ben is with the Twentieth Century-Fox film company, and he said, "Haven't you a son who played in films some years ago?" I said: "Yes." He said, "We've got a wonderful story here for a cockney kid. Could your boy play a cockney?" I said, "Listen, you are talking about my elder son Robin, who about ten years ago was in a Jessie Matthews picture called *Climbing High*. Today he is nearly as big as you are."

"Well, you don't know, bring him along," replied Ben. "We have a story called *The Mudlark*, about a little boy who broke into Queen Victoria's Windsor Castle and changed the history of England. He might be all right for the part." So I decided to take Robin along in the car. Little Andrew was there, looking very white-faced, just getting over the mumps, and he said: "Can I come along for the ride, Daddy?" I said: "Yes, of course."

As soon as Ben saw Robin, he said: "Oh, I'm terribly sorry, I had no idea he was as big as that. We want a little boy. Who's that?"

"Oh, that's Andrew, don't embarrass the child," I whispered. "He's very self-conscious. Not at all the type you want for a film."

Ben said: "I don't know. Can he do anything?"

"Can he do anything?" I echoed. "Well, he can eat."

"Let's try his voice out," said Ben. We went

over to the tape recorder, and I said to Andrew: "You're a little boy and you've stolen another little boy's dog, and I want you to be both boys —a nice little boy and a cockney little boy." We did this charade, and I thought that was the end of that.

But a couple of days later, Ben phoned me. "Would you let Andrew do a screen test?" So Sybil took him to Shepperton studios and when she came home that night, she told me: "The boy is wonderful. He went before all those cameras and he didn't bat an eyelid." I found that she meant it literally, for Andrew has a rare and valuable quality for a film actor. He can play a scene without once blinking. In all, they tested 300 children, but Andrew got the part of the Mudlark. He is now making his second film, which puts him one up on the old man, because I have made only one first feature picture, *Meet Me Tonight*, by Noël Coward.

Too Old—At Thirteen

The other day Andrew came into my room and said quite seriously: "What's going to happen to me?" "What do you mean?" I asked him. "Well, I've noticed that there have been lots of child performers. Then they grow up and you never hear of them again."

I reassured him by reminding him that there were others like Mickey Rooney who worked right through to adult stardom, but it was funny to see his grave little face looking at me like an old man's—finished at thirteen. He is going to be a good actor for many years yet, and so is his elder brother Robin, now at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

One of the greatest thrills of my life was when *The Mudlark* was chosen as the Royal Command Film, and I went with Andrew to be presented to the late King. Performances like these are guaranteed to cause plentiful attacks of jitters and butterflies in the stomach. It was the same for everyone on that occasion, it seemed—except Andrew. He approached the whole affair with all the confidence in the world. Although he was to present a bouquet to the Queen on her arrival in the foyer of the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square—a task which might have made seasoned performers nervous—he was, to the outward gaze at any rate, quite unmoved. As we waited in the dressing-room for our turn to go on to the stage, the familiar knock came on the door and the call-boy shouted: "Down on the stage, Mr. Ray."

There was Andrew, quietly reading a comic. "Come on, Andrew," I said, "we're nearly on." He looked at me and said: "Just a minute, Dad. Can't I finish Corky the Cat?"

Though I say it, he was really wonderful, not only on the stage, where we played a little scene about the tribulations of a father whose son has become a film star, but in the film itself, and I must confess that as I sat in the circle watching him on the screen and holding his hand in mine, I found it hard to keep back the tears.

Praised By The Queen

After the show we were presented to the King and Queen. Although I had done two previous Variety Command Performances, I had never met them and was very thrilled to shake hands with them. The Queen asked Andrew: "Did you enjoy making the film?" "Oh, yes, Your Majesty," he replied. She went on to ask him if he lived very near the film studios while the picture was being made, and the youngster replied: "Oh, no, Your Majesty. I had to go every day in a big car." The Queen smiled and added: "Well, I thought you were very, very good."

Our present Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, came over and spoke to us. "I enjoyed your film very much," she said, and Andrew, anticipating the event that was to come about so much sooner than anyone imagined, said: "Thank you, Your Majesty." This amused her very much and she said: "No, Andrew, not 'Your Majesty'—'Your Highness.' But that's all right, we often make mistakes ourselves."

Then came the moment when the King himself had a word to say to us. He stopped in front of me and I naturally expected that he was about to make some remark or ask me some question about the picture. But instead he looked at me and demanded genially: "Why have you changed your radio show?" This question took me by surprise, but I managed to gasp out: "In what way, Your Majesty?"

"Well, you have dropped some of your catch-phrases," he said. "For instance, what has happened to 'look at your big, red conk'?"

I nearly fell through the floor, but managed to reply; "Well, sir, we took it out because some housewives objected to it. They said some of their children were using it disrespectfully to their parents."

The King smiled. "Pity," he said, as he shook his head, "I did so much look forward to that every week."

The first time I played before the King and Queen was when they came unofficially to the Palladium to see Danny Kaye. Some of the newspapers had been running a stunt, "Who is funnier, Kaye or Ray?" but it was a silly question, because our styles are so different.

One night, after I had just started my act, I noticed that there were eight empty seats in the front row. All of a sudden there was a stir and in walked the King and Queen, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and then the Duke of Edinburgh. I quickly went over the rest of my act in my mind to censor anything on the blue side, but I did not think I needed to. I could not look directly at the Royal party —this is the etiquette that all variety performers observe—but I did steal a surreptitious glance once or twice and was delighted to see that they were laughing heartily.

This success clinched my invitation to the 1948 Royal Command Performance. I had a fair act worked out but was worried about the all-important opening gag. I thought of walking on and saying: "I've been here many times for money, but this is the first time I've appeared here for Royalties." But there seemed to be something a little cheeky and personal to the Royal Family about the gag, so I discarded it.

Inspiration In The Fog

Then, as I was driving down from Hull, where I had been appearing the week before, I ran into a very thick fog at Biggleswade. I remember thinking to myself, this is a fine thing—all this messing about driving down here like this, and for what? Just for one night! And then, it came to me—and I thought, what a wonderful line: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a fine thing, isn't it, you spend all your life in show business trying to get somewhere, and you finish up playing a one-night stand!"

That was my opening crack and it hit them really hard. It broke down that icy-cold, evening-dress and diamond-studded audience. It broke them right down and made them human people. I was off again. THE END

Ted Ray's autobiography is to appear in book form under the title, "Raising The Laughs." It will be published on September 18 by T. Werner Laurie and will cost 10s. 6d.

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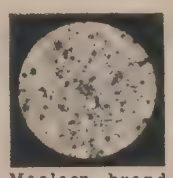

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A MAN OF PEACE

Continued from page 8

commonest thrusts and parries, Lafleur commenting with pleasure as they went. "Nice, very nice. Fingernails down, elbow close to the body. Up, up a little. *Carte*. The wrist bent exactly so. Ah, lovely!"

De Parma was good. He lacked some of Lafleur's grace but he was extremely skilful, and young and strong and agile as a cat. He was absolutely out of the class of anybody else in the room, even the few good ones. As he parried Lafleur's thrusts, I noticed that he was smiling a little, smiling with the faintest edge of condescension, as though he were doing what he was doing to humour a clever child.

With the final thrust, Lafleur said: "No *riposte*, if you please. I congratulate you." He started to drop his foil to his side.

But De Parma did *riposte*. He returned with a quick lunge, darted his foil under Lafleur's from the side (called technically a *flanconade*), snapped his wrist hard, and sent the fencing master's foil clattering across the wooden floor of the gymnasium. Then he touched Lafleur's heart carefully with the end of his blade.

"Your bird has flown away, monsieur," he said.

Somebody snickered.

"I asked you not to *riposte*," Lafleur said, looking at him. "I dropped my guard."

"I must have misunderstood. I offer a hundred pardons, monsieur." De Parma still had the half smile on his face. He walked over and picked up Lafleur's foil and returned it to him with his mocking, too-elegant bow. "The fencing master's sword," he said.

Lafleur took it, silently, a mixture of bewilderment and chagrin on his face, and a few moments later dismissed the class.

As the weeks went on, it became more obvious that I was a hopeless prospect as a fencer. But Lafleur never gave up. His patience was unbelievable. The worse I got, the more I loved him. For me, there was nothing he couldn't do.

I remember vividly the day I first saw Lafleur in the surroundings of his home. We had met by chance in the drive after class and he had invited me to tea. He lived in a pretty little stone cottage some distance from the school, and it took us the best part of half an hour to walk there.

When we got inside, it struck me for the first time that perhaps Lafleur didn't have an easy time making ends meet as a fencing master. It was immensely, almost frighteningly, clean, the way a lot of Swiss houses are, but it was very small, and there were the little signs of worn things made to stretch beyond their normal life span.

Madame Lafleur, a short, jolly, healthy-looking woman, met us at the door, kissed her husband, and led us into her parlour.

"I have brought a young man, my dear," Lafleur said. "One of my pupils, who will have tea with us. His name is Mitchell."

"Mitchell," repeated Madame Lafleur, beaming at me interestedly, as though she didn't have many visitors. "I know that you are English. My husband likes very much to collect the English." She went after the tea.

Lafleur smiled after her. He motioned me to a chair. "My wife is a Frenchwoman. And my daughter—— But here is my daughter."

A girl had come into the parlour from another room, and stood just inside the door. Lafleur's face lighted up with wonder and love, although he tried not to let it show so much. The girl was about sixteen, the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. She had a lovely oval face with great big dark eyes and unbelievable skin. Her hair was a rich, chestnut colour.

"Come in, Claudine," Lafleur said, "and meet my young friend, Mitchell. Perhaps he will let you practise your English on him."

She came up to me and held out her hand, smiling a little shyly. "Ow deu yeu deu, Meetchelle?" she said. "Ow air yeu?"

"Fine, thank you," I said. I started to tremble. I'd never seen anything like Claudine, and so I fell in love with her.

She sat down with us and we talked for a while—or rather Lafleur talked most, Claudine a little, and I sat in dumb contentment.

Presently, Lafleur got up. "Entertain our guest for a few moments, Claudine," he said. "I'll help your mother in the kitchen. You should speak English. Mitchell will help you."

He went out, and Claudine prepared to be a hostess. "My Eenglees ees so —so *formidable*," she said, smiling across at me.

"Oh, no. It's as good as my French," I said. It wasn't true, but love will make you say anything.

"Yeu air a great fencair, I supposse?"

I took a quick look at the kitchen door. "Well, naturally I'm not as good as your father," I said. God knows that was true.

Claudine looked at the door, then back at me with a new expression. She lowered her voice, not much, but enough to show me she was going to say something particular. She spoke casually, but in French now. "Tell me, do you happen to know a student named De Parma?" she said.

I nodded, badly disappointed.

"You like him, Meetchelle?"

"He's all right, I suppose. I don't know him very well. He's a senior."

"I know." Claudine's face flushed suddenly, and for a moment she looked flustered and very young. "Do the others like him, do you think?"

"I suppose some of them like him and some don't. He's a pretty good fencer," I said dismally.

"And my father, does he like him?"

"Who am I to like?" Lafleur asked with a smile, coming back into the room. He was carrying a tea tray. "Some friend of ours, Mitchell?"

I wasn't exactly sure why I hesitated, but I didn't answer him. It was Claudine who came out with it.

"Meetchelle was just telling me about a pupil of yours, Papa," she said, phrasing things pretty loosely, it seemed to me. "His name is De Parma—a good fencer, Meetchelle says."

Lafleur stiffened. "De Parma," he repeated quietly. "Yes, he is a good fencer, a very expert fencer for so young a man." He looked suddenly at his daughter. "Claudine, you do not know De Parma?"

Claudine didn't look quite at her father. "Oh, we have only spoken once or twice on the street, Papa. He asked me once, I think, to show him the way to the boat landing, nothing more."

Lafleur looked at her, just stood looking at her for a long time, as though he'd forgotten where he was. His face was sick with love for her. But, standing there with the tea tray still in his hands, there was more in his face, something more which I couldn't come close to really understanding then. I could only recognize it and wonder at it. It was fear, plain, naked, and paralysing.

The school term hadn't got very far along before De Parma's personality made itself felt around the place in an increasingly wide range. Somehow, nobody could just feel neutral about him. It was characteristic of De Parma that he made absolutely no effort to make friends; yet there gathered about him a clique of passionate partisans. Most of them joined Lafleur's fencing class in order to watch their idol where he so plainly excelled. Or that seemed to be their only reason in the beginning.

On the other side were the rest of us, numerically superior but with no rallying point other than a shared opinion that De Parma was an impossibly arrogant idiot who regarded us all as scum.

Then, one day, I saw De Parma and Claudine Lafleur together. I was out behind the school buildings, in a

clearing in a field, fixing up a horseshoe-pitching court. I'd got the stakes hammered in place the day before and was down on my hands and knees, pulling up some long grass, when I heard their voices. I didn't hear them say anything in particular, and it was only a second before they caught sight of me, but what I saw made me remember the look of fear I'd seen on Lafleur's face the day I had tea with him.

Claudine was sitting up in the grass, and De Parma was stretched out with his head in her lap. I could see her better than I could him, and I won't forget her. Probably I'd never seen a girl in love before, a girl I knew a little. She was watching him silently with the look you can't buy—gentle, adoring, prideful. She seemed to be smiling, only not really smiling with her mouth, and she leaned down and kissed De Parma's handsome, dark head.

I made a noise, and he jerked upright. He elbowed Claudine aside and stared around, looking like an infuriated bull. He saw me, and shouted: "Hey, you, spy! What do you think you're doing? Come over here!"

I didn't go much closer.

"Over here!" he repeated, pointing to the ground in front of him the way you do with a dog.

"I wasn't spying," I said, staying about where I was. "I was doing something. I didn't know you were here."

De Parma wasn't listening. He was furious. "*Salaud!*" he shouted, and jumped up. "*Petit saligaud!*" Do as I tell you!" He started out after me.

CLAUDINE grabbed his arm. He wrenched it free, but only took a couple of steps. She spoke to him very rapidly and quietly for a few seconds, looking frightened. He sort of half listened to her, mostly watching me, but suddenly he laughed in his lordly, laughing-at-you way.

"So this is papa's pet," he said to me. "Papa's pet young Englishman. Well, we mustn't offend the fencing master, must we? Mademoiselle has just saved you a broken head, little spy. Thank her."

I hesitated.

"Go on, thank her!"

Claudine turned away from me in painful embarrassment and tried to murmur something to De Parma to get him away.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," I said. My heart was broken. I couldn't believe it. She'd betrayed both of us—her father and me. I got ready for a quick getaway, and shouted bitterly: "You'd better be careful, De Parma! He may kill you some day! He can fence rings around you and he could make a mistake in class some day. I hope he does! So look out."

But De Parma was back to his imperious self, way out of my reach. He strolled over towards me, where Claudine couldn't hear him. "Any time our friend the country fencing master wants to try to kill me," he said quietly, smiling to himself over my head, "he's welcome, always welcome, to try." He made a gesture with his chin without looking around and spoke out loud. "Come along, Claudine. I didn't come here to talk with papa's little trained Englishman."

He walked away, and she went shyly after him, not looking at me again, loving him for her own reasons.

At fencing class the next day, I knew right away that Lafleur had found out about Claudine seeing De Parma. I suppose they'd had a scene about it at home. Lafleur was absent-minded and distracted as I'd never seen him, and to De Parma he was cold, ice cold.

He went through the motions of teaching, but you could tell in everything he did that he was sick with worry—and behind it was fear. That's what got me, that he should be afraid. What was there to be afraid of? To me it was simple. Challenge De Parma to a duel and maybe not kill him exactly but show him up in front of everyone for the rotter he was. I couldn't understand Lafleur at all; how could he love his daughter so, and

"Is he on holiday or something?"

freedom and decency, and let somebody like De Parma walk all over him? I ached with the courage I feared he didn't have.

Lafleur left immediately after class, forgetting his customary fancy salute. Some of us hung around the gymnasium afterwards, including most of the De Parma clique. They often held a sort of extra session with De Parma in charge. He'd let them slash away at him for a while, playing with them, then suddenly let them have it. A quick *riposte* to the heart, the button of his foil exactly on its target, the foil itself bent halfway back on itself from the force of the lunge. Then he'd laugh at them. They seemed to love it.

But this time, De Parma, as he polished off one after the other of his clique, was doing what was meant to be an imitation of Lafleur. It was a vicious parody, and the clique delighted in it. As he danced expertly around one boy, he was saying: "No, no, monsieur, you must not thrust so hard! Remember that the thing you hold in your hand is not a sword. It only looks like a sword to you. It is really a little bird. You are not practising *fighting*, monsieur. Heaven help us, no! This is a peaceful nation. You are practising ornithology." As a sort of accent on the last syllable, he lunged through to the boy's heart.

He minced up to another one and made a deep court bow. "Shall we dance, monsieur?" he said. "I mean fence. Ah, well, to me it's all one; dancing, fencing—what's the difference? Art, art."

He parried a couple of thrusts, pointing out his toes as though he were doing a minuet.

"You know, my daughter dances," he went on. "She has been dancing lately with a fellow named De Parma, a bad, bad fellow. I've forbidden her to see him, you know. Of course, if she should see him anyhow, I don't know what I'll do because, the truth is, I'm scared to death of this fellow De Parma. I'm afraid he's the kind of fellow who takes what he wants—whatever it is. If I should make him angry, he might try to hurt me or even take my sword away from me—like this." In a movement so quick your eye could hardly follow it, De Parma's foil darted in from the side and out again, and the other fellow stood there with nothing in his hand.

WHEN the clique's laughter had died down, I managed to make myself heard. "That's a lie, De Parma!" I yelled at him. "He's not afraid of you and he could beat you fencing left-handed if he wanted to! He couldn't be bothered, that's all."

De Parma spun around when I first called him a liar; then he saw it was me and he started walking slowly towards me, his foil still in his hand.

I got set to run again, but he said: "Wait a minute, you. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want you to deliver a message for me, little trained Englishman. Listen to me. Listen, all of you."

He turned back to his clique for a second, and they quieted down at once, listening eagerly, sensing that something interesting was going to happen.

"Tell the fencing master," he said slowly, so that nobody would miss it, "that De Parma would like to meet him in a match, a match without time limit—to a finish. Tell him I suggest next Friday afternoon, here in the gymnasium. If he refuses, we will all understand, won't we?" He turned around to the clique again, looking at them significantly. They grinned back at him. Suddenly he slashed me hard across the backside with his foil. "Go on, hurry!" he said.

I went right to Lafleur's, half elated and half worried over what I'd started, but he wasn't there. His wife told me he'd already left on the train for Lausanne, where he took classes at a girls' school every week, returning on a Thursday. So I didn't see him until Thursday evening. By that time, everybody in the place knew about De Parma's challenge, and partisan lines were clearly drawn.

I found Lafleur down on his hands and knees in his little garden, fussing absently with some bulbs. He couldn't believe I was serious.

"But, Mitchell, a challenge?" he said. "It's too absurd. I am an instructor: De Parma is my pupil——"

"But everybody expects it now, monsieur," I said. "They'll all think——"

"Why should they expect it?" Lafleur demanded hotly. "I have told you all a hundred times that I am a fencing master, an artist, not a duellist. I am a peaceful man, not a warrior. Fighting is stupid; it solves nothing. I—I don't believe in it."

After he'd said this, Lafleur bent down at once to his flower bed without looking at me.

I couldn't make myself look right at him. "But they'll all say you're afraid of him!" I shouted. "If I tell them you won't fight De Parma, they'll say he won, they'll say he's better! He'll say if he wants to see Claudine you won't dare stop him! He'll tell everybody she——"

"Mitchell!" He rapped out my name like an explosion, but he still couldn't entirely wipe the confusion off his face. He started shouting back, letting the trowel shake out of his hand. "Let them say I'm afraid! I don't care what they say, you understand? I have my own responsibilities. You should never have started this, never, never! You don't know what you're doing. You don't have to tell them anything. I'll tell them myself. Do you understand me?"

I could feel the hot, bitter choking in my throat, and I knew I was going to cry, so I just ran out of the yard. I didn't slow down until I was out of sight of Lafleur's house.

The De Parma clique sent a delegation to my room in the dormitory that night to get Lafleur's answer.

"How should I know what he's going to do?" I said nastily. "Why should he tell me? He's going to answer De Parma himself in class tomorrow."

They didn't think that was a very good answer, but there wasn't anything much they could do about it.

I felt cheated and deserted. I had made Lafleur invincible, and he had betrayed me by not being invincible, the way a lover betrays by not being perfect. . . .

At five minutes before two the next afternoon, Lafleur strode across the gravel courtyard towards the gymnasium, as usual. There was a fresh white rose in the buttonhole of his seedy-looking black overcoat, and he swung his sword cane as jauntily as ever. This was to be, his manner said to us all, just any old day like a hundred others.

He changed promptly into his immaculate fencing clothes and came into the gym on the dot of two. On three sides of the gymnasium were shallow banks of seats. Usually during fencing class they were empty. Today about fifty boys were jammed into them, looking sheepish and expectant, and very quiet for fifty boys. There was no possible way for Lafleur to ignore them.

He saluted us as usual. "Messieurs," he said, with the stylish flourish of his foil. We flourished back. "For some reason, our little class seems unusually popular today. Although I don't understand it, I confess I'm flattered by it. Now, then, in a line, if you please. Just as usual. A straight line, here in front of me. Quickly, please."

He planned to bluff it out. I couldn't believe it, couldn't believe that even he thought he would get away with it. He made a gallant try. He walked down the line, where we all stood in the second position, criticizing, complimenting. I took a quick look around for De Parma. He had stationed himself at the extreme end of the line, where he stood erect, with the point of his foil on the floor in front of him, both hands resting on its hilt. He waited with an expression of infinite patience.

LAFLEUR reached him at last, as he had to. "Now, Monsieur De Parma," he said briskly, "in *seconde*, if you please."

De Parma didn't move. "I have asked you a question, monsieur," he said. He looked directly into Lafleur's face with his beautiful, sadist's eyes. "Will you be good enough to answer it?"

"A question?" Lafleur tinkered busily with his foil. "Oh, you mean that nonsense about some sort of match? It's out of the question, of course. In *seconde*, if you——"

"You refuse my offer, then?"

"It's not a question of refusing or accepting an offer, as you call it," Lafleur said steadily. "This is a class. I am an instructor and you are my pupil. I——"

De Parma's voice cut in like steel cutting butter. "But you *do* refuse a match?"

Lafleur got very red in the face. "You're putting me in a very unfair position," he said, "very unfair."

From the De Parma clique, and even from some of the seats, there came a quiet sound as he said this, a muttering, miscellaneous sound of derision that swelled and died in a moment.

Lafleur's face grew tight. He didn't turn around to where the sound had come from. "You have created a ludicrous situation, Monsieur De Parma," he said, trying to keep his voice calm. "You had no right to lead others to expect that I would——"

"I took it to be my right," De

Parma interrupted, watching him, smiling with careful insolence, "as a gentleman and as the son of a gentleman. Perhaps I was wrong in assuming that you would recognize——"

"I am your instructor!" Lafleur shouted. The fact that he had to shout it seemed to make the statement irrelevant.

De Parma still stood like a statue, with his hands resting on the hilt of his foil. "Then you want me to accept your refusal," he said softly, gently, "on that ground?"

Lafleur looked quickly around the room with the expression of a man trapped in a burning building. "Anything of the sort would be—would be against my principles."

"Ah yes, your *principles,*" De Parma repeated solemnly, but with his mocking laugh behind his voice. "In that case——"

The derisive sound started to grow again, and Lafleur leaped desperately in to stop it.

"However," he said quickly, "however, if you think it would instruct our visitors to watch us exchange a few conventional exercises, I have no objection. Just as you choose. Parry in *seconde,* if you will."

De Parma smiled with the barest flicker of a glance towards his clique, and said nothing. He and Lafleur put on their masks and assumed their positions. Lafleur thrust methodically; De Parma parried.

"Once again," said Lafleur, in his businesslike, instructor's voice, "Your blade a little higher, if you please. That's better. Again. Much better. Your left arm is well placed now."

Suddenly De Parma returned in a different position. Lafleur just managed to deflect the thrust from his heart.

He swallowed. "And that we call *carte,* or the fourth position," he said, trying to make his voice sound like a man giving a lecture. "It is useful——"

De Parma switched again. His foil touched Lafleur's sleeve.

"*Octave,* or the eighth position, which you have just seen, is less common," Lafleur said, clinging to his crumbling ledge. "For purposes of assault, *octave* is——"

"*Octave* seems also more difficult to parry among the Swiss," De Parma interrupted, an open taunt in his voice now. "Perhaps the same is true of *sixte.*" He lunged viciously as he spoke. Lafleur barely turned the lunge aside.

"It may be that the cows and the cheese in this country," De Parma continued, talking louder, pressing in more quickly, "keep the people too full to fight. Or is it that so much peace has made them forget how to fight? Does too much peace take away courage, or does it make fear? Which is it, do you suppose?"

Lafleur only clamped his jaws tight together. A couple of stifled, unpleasant sniggers came out of the quiet.

Then, as Lafleur defended himself, I could see that his harassed eyes behind his wire mask were flicking hurriedly from face to face around the gymnasium. I didn't understand what he was about, but mechanically my glance darted after his.

Every face in the room was a tense mask of concentration. But, beyond the common excitement, some faces—some few faces even outside of De Parma's clique—had in them an overlay of cruelty, a kind of merciless blood-cry for conquest of the weak by the strong.

Then, very suddenly, everything changed. Lafleur jerked his eyes away from the faces and took two long, fast strides backwards out of range and dropped his foil. He took off his mask, and his face was deathly white. He stood stiff as a ramrod, his black eyes staring like gleaming lumps of coal. The foil in his right hand quivered just a little. Everybody stared at him. Nobody made a sound.

"We hold our foils for very different reasons, Monsieur de Parma," he said, very quietly. "I do not like your reason. I don't like it when I find it in you or in things larger than you. I am an artist and a peaceful man, but you despise peace. Fighting is against my principles, which makes it necessary for me to fight you. Unmask, if you please."

De Parma snapped off his mask and spun it across the gymnasium floor. He had a wild look, a crazily cunning look about him now. He grinned around at his clique for a second and then fell on guard. "At the fencing master's convenience," he said.

Lafleur raised his foil with precision. Its tip, still quivering slightly, was the only outward sign of what he was feeling, but he was an entirely different man from the one I had known. Somehow he'd thrown everything out of himself but one thing. There wasn't an ounce of fear in him now. I gloried in him—and was aware of a jarring sense of danger for him. "Begin," he said.

Their blades rasped and hissed together. The sound, with the stamp of their feet and their heavy breathing, filled the gymnasium. Nearly half a minute passed, in which they felt their way, feinting, groping, testing, each weighing the other's anger through the touch of his hand.

I'd expected De Parma to charge in with the brazenness he showed in everything else. But he was holding back, circling round and round Lafleur, constantly changing his guard and his ground, never advancing. It was Lafleur's face that finally told me what De Parma was up to. He knew Lafleur was giving him thirty years and he meant to use every one of them. He had counted on those years, as I hadn't.

After three minutes, anybody could see that his tactics were working. Lafleur's face was already washed with sweat. His shoulders heaved very quickly. But there was no change in the perfect rhythm of his style. He was the fencing master still, a part of him still conscious of the beauty of his art. Watching him, holding in my breath, it occurred to me suddenly that Lafleur had probably never before in his life really thought of a fencing foil as a weapon of combat.

At last he seemed to realize that he must carry the fight to De Parma, or beat himself. He realized it late, and as though the discovery surprised him. He was the better fencer and he knew it, but he had let precious minutes pare away his advantage.

Now he opened his guard, almost carelessly, it seemed, offering a tempting target. De Parma bit, lunged forward violently and nearly lost his balance when his foil touched nothing. Lafleur's *riposte* came like lightning in two thrusts—one a feint, the other meant to go home—but De Parma was back on his left foot in time to judge the second one for what it was. He slashed out at it with the edge of his blade and touched it in time to move it a few inches before it landed. It caught the top of his shoulder and licked over it.

An expectant gasp went up in the place.

But instead of rushing in for a kill, Lafleur began to give ground. I couldn't understand what had happened to him. It was infuriating. He was letting himself be forced back and back, half step by half step. De Parma pushed forward eagerly now, trying by sheer speed and energy to get past Lafleur's expert guard.

Together, they moved half-way across the gymnasium, Lafleur backing, De Parma advancing. They reached the wall. Lafleur felt for it and touched it with his heel. He tried a lunge, but De Parma was ready for him. Then, suddenly, he made three dazzling flank attacks from the right. De Parma side-stepped each one, and when they had passed, he saw that he and Lafleur had changed places. Instead of pursuing, De Parma saw now that he had been led. He stood with his back to the wall, and Lafleur stood in front of him, his feet planted in a peculiarly stationary position, as though they had grown there.

De Parma's face tightened with rage, and he burst out at Lafleur with a furious assault, attacking from all sides, agile and swift, breathing through his mouth, his lips drawn back away from his teeth.

Lafleur stood his ground, the air around him full of the darting tongues of De Parma's foil, parrying thrust after thrust. He worked like a machine. There was certainly not much left of him as a man, as the dapper, gentle, fencing master. It made you want to cry. He looked a hundred years old. He couldn't breathe any more, but only panted like an exhausted dog, making a little gasping sound as he gulped in each mouthful of precious air. His imperial and his jaunty moustaches had drooped, and the sweat that dropped from them splotched and smeared across his canvas jacket. His face was the colour of putty.

And still he fought on, twisting, darting, plunging, the experience of a devoted lifetime making him the master of his weapon. From first to last he made no movement, half dead as he was, that hadn't in it the memory of the expert's grace. No matter where or how fast or how often or in what sequence De Parma thrust, Lafleur's foil seemed always to be there an instant before, parrying, parrying. De Parma was like a maniac, slashing, charging, near the edge of control. His temper snapped, with a kind of guttural, growling sound in his throat, and he began to make mistakes.

You could tell it was nearly over then.

The more wildly De Parma lunged, the more easily Lafleur deflected his foil. With a sudden rush, De Parma, trying to finish it, made a huge thrust, lunging far forward from the waist, grunting with the effort. Like a striking snake, Lafleur's blade whipped under, parrying in *prime,* and, while De Parma was trying to get on guard again, darted upwards and bent into a semi-circle on De Parma's scarlet heart.

Seven minutes had passed since they had begun.

De Parma threw his foil down on the floor. We all began to shout like crazy people.

Lafleur turned and marched unsteadily off the floor towards his dressing-room, using his foil every third step, the way an old man uses a cane.

On Tuesday, Lafleur came to his fencing class on the dot of two. I don't know what we expected, but he looked no different from the way he had always looked—neither better nor worse, but exactly the same. He had a fresh flower in his buttonhole; his moustache and imperial were spruce and jaunty again; his walk was springy. When he saw that the size of his class had almost doubled since the last one, he only smiled his grave smile.

De Parma wasn't there, nor were many of his clique.

Lafleur formed us in a line as he always did. It took a minute to realize that everything was to be just as it had always been. He had fought for a moment like an inspired demon because he had felt he had to fight, but nothing had changed him. He was the same man before, the same man after. He would always be Lafleur the fencing master, instructor in a classic art.

That's about all that happened. Except that De Parma never came back to the class, and after the Christmas holidays we heard he had transferred to another school farther down the lake at Geneva.

The last time I saw Lafleur was at the very end of the spring term the next year. He asked me to come to his house one afternoon, and it turned out to be a sort of engagement party for Claudine. She looked wonderfully beautiful and happy. She was going to marry a nice-looking young fellow, a Swiss, a chemist, I think he was, at a chocolate factory near Vevey.

Lafleur was having a great time at the party, passing around plates of cakes and listening to people praise his daughter, and taking me, and everybody who would go, out to the garden to see his narcissi, which were just at their best then. He was anxious to see that everybody was having a good time.

De Parma, as I told you I saw in the newspaper, was shot through the head by a democratic revolutionary while he was having breakfast on his terrace the other day. It would have been more poetic if it had been a sword, but I suppose you can't expect everything to come out just so, even in a story. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

It was in the spring of 1890 (when I was ten, three years after this photograph was taken) that I learned to speak. Before I lost my sight and hearing, I was fast learning to talk, but after my illness it was found that I had ceased to speak because I could not hear. I used to sit in my mother's lap all day long and keep my hands on her face because it amused me to feel the motions of her lips; and I moved my lips, too, although I had forgotten what talking was.

There was, however, one word the meaning of which I still remembered, *water.* I pronounced it "wa-wa." Even this became less and less intelligible. . . . I stopped using it only after I had learned to spell the word on my fingers.

I had known for a long time that the people about me used a method of communication different from mine. My thoughts would often rise and beat up like birds against the wind; and I persisted in using my lips and voice. Friends tried to discourage this tendency, fearing lest it would lead to disappointment.

Then I was taught by a woman who passed my hand lightly over her face and let me feel the position of her tongue and lips when she made a sound. I was eager to imitate every motion, and in an hour had learned six elements of speech: M, P, A, S, T, I. I shall never forget the surprise and delight I felt when I uttered my first connected sentence: "It is warm."

True, they were broken and stammering syllables; but they were human speech. My soul, conscious of new strength, came out of bondage, and was reaching through those broken symbols of speech to all knowledge and all faith.

This blind and deaf woman is still an inspiration. *For her name, see page 31*

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They're made by Cadbury's . . . *that's* the difference

THE FAR COUNTRY

Continued from page 16

to the conclusion that it looked a bit light for a lumberman; in the larder she found cold mutton and some cold potatoes, and an onion, and so set to work again and made a couple of enormous Cornish pasties. There were plenty of bananas and grapes and passion fruit in the house so she took some of those, and then, because the basket still looked empty, she cut a pile of honey sandwiches.

Jack Dorman came out in his dressing-gown and found her pondering. "My word," he said. "He's not going home hungry."

She smiled. "I was wondering if you could let us have some beer." Beer was in short supply in that hot weather; the expanding population had beaten the expanding beer output, as it had beaten the output of everything else in Australia.

"I'll let you have two bottles," he grumbled. "I'm not going to give him any more. How's he getting down here from the camp?"

"He'll get a lift down, probably," she said. "He said he'd be here at ten o'clock."

"He may not find it easy on a Sunday morning," he said. "He'll have to start off walking about nine or so. I'll take a run up the road in the Chev after breakfast and pick him up, if you'll get breakfast for me before then. Jane's sleeping in."

She glanced at the clock; it was about half-past eight. "I'll have it on the table in a quarter of an hour."

BREAKFAST was a running meal that day; she fed Jack Dorman and then Tim Archer and Mario, the two hired men, and finally Jane came out and sat down with a cup of tea. It was still on the table when Jack Dorman came back with Carl Zlinter, whom he had picked up on the road half a mile outside the camp.

"Morning, Carl," said Jennifer. "Have you had any breakfast?"

He said: "Thank you, I have had some coffee."

"Coffee? Is that all you've had?"

He smiled. "In my country we do not eat a cooked breakfast."

"But you eat a proper breakfast here, don't you, before going out in the woods?"

Jane said laughing: "Go on, Carl, sit down and let her cook you bacon and eggs. She wants to do it."

He laughed with her. "All right."

"That's better," said Jennifer, breaking a couple of eggs into the pan. "I wouldn't like you to faint by the way, especially if you're driving me in the Chev."

"He's been driving it this morning, down from the camp," said Jack Dorman. "You have to keep on telling him which side to drive on."

Carl Zlinter laughed. "It is the first time I have driven on the left side of the road, and with the steering so."

In spite of that, he proved himself to be quite a reasonable driver when they started off in the utility half an hour later. It was still sunny and cloudless, with the promise of another hot day. Jennifer opened the last paddock gate on to the main road at Merrijig, let the Chevrolet pass through and closed it carefully behind. As she got back into the car she said: "Did you bring your rod?"

He shook his head. "I would not want to fish today. It would not be sociable."

He drove across the bridge over the Delatite and on up the road towards the lumber camp, till after a mile or so he turned off into a paddock, and they drove on a rough track across pastures for a time, heading for the hills. Their passage stirred a great flight of white cockatoos from the trees; they wheeled above the car, brilliant against the deep blue sky, before settling in the next paddock.

Presently the track left the pastures and entered the woods, and began to wind uphill through a forest of gum trees. It was quiet in the dim aisles of the woods, and scented; fantastic parrots with brilliant red bodies and equally brilliant blue wings flew before them up the track and vanished in the glades.

The track wound up through the forest, utterly deserted. Once or twice a wallaby started at their approach and went bounding away among the trees, and once a red English fox with a great bushy tail crossed the track in front of them and vanished in the undergrowth, perhaps hunting the occasional rabbit that appeared, and looked at them, and scuttled away with flashing scut. And once Carl Zlinter said: "You have seen a koala bear?"

"Never," she said. "They're little creatures, aren't they?"

He did not answer, but drove on for a few yards, stopped the car and got out quickly, and ran into the bush. He was in time to catch the koala under the armpits as it clambered unhurried up a tree to get away from him; he disengaged it gently and carried it to her on the track, a tubby little brown animal with tattered fur that struggled feebly but did not seem particularly distressed by capture.

"Oh, Carl!" she said. "What a lovely little beast. He's just like a teddy bear."

He did not understand the allusion. "I think he is a very old bear, this," he said. "His fur is bad. You can stroke him if you like; he will not hurt you. But do not let him scratch you, because his claws will be dirty and poisonous, and a small wound may go bad."

He held the bear from behind, gently controlling it while she stroked it. "It's a wild one, isn't it?" she asked, puzzled.

"He is a wild bear," he told her. "He lives here in the forest."

"But he seems so tame. He doesn't mind being handled or stroked a bit!"

"He has no enemies in the woods," he said. "No animal hunts koala bears to kill them, only men, and now that is forbidden, very strongly. Because he has no enemies, he has no fear."

"What will happen if you let him go, Carl? Let him go, and see."

He released the bear, and they crouched beside him; he looked from one to the other, looked around, then walked deliberately to a tree and began to climb up it, holding on with the great claws upon each foot. Jennifer walked after him and stroked him as he went till he was out of reach; he paid no attention to her. They stood watching him as he slowly made his way up the trunk above their heads.

GETTING back into the utility, they went on up the track, winding around the contours of the hills between the trees; a rough, rutted track, more of a watercourse than a road. Presently they came out on top of the ridge; there was a cleared pasture here, or perhaps a natural clearing due to some geological formation that checked the growth of trees. Zlinter drove on into it and stopped the car. "This is Jock McDougall's paddock," he said. "Here we must leave the car and walk for the rest of the way, down to the Howqua."

The paddock stood upon the summit of the ridge, with a wide view across the wooded, mountainous country to the south. In the brilliant sunlight, line after line of blue hills stretched to the horizon, with here and there a thin wisp of smoke showing a fire. "Oh, Carl, what a marvellous place!" She stared entranced.

He stood looking over the wide, blue expanse of forest with her. "This is another reason why I love this country," he said quietly. "It is a little like my own home, in Bohemia."

She turned to him. "Do you get homesick, Carl?"

He shook his head. "Not now. I would not ever want to go back there to live. So much is changed, and I have changed so much myself, also. But I remember how it was at home when I was a schoolboy, and this is like the forests are at home a little, and so I am happy to be here." He glanced down at her. "There are not such big forests in England, I think."

He turned back with her to the utility to take her basket, and she saw that he had put a flabby newspaper parcel on top of her basket of food, and that he had brought a grill with him. "What's that?" she asked. "Meat?"

He said: "I brought some steaks with me, to make a fire and grill them in the way of this country. Have you done that? They are very good."

She said: "I've never done that, Carl. But we're going to have far too much food."

He smiled. "If there is too much, we can take it home, or give it to Billy Slim, the forest ranger."

"Can we make a fire in the forest, Carl, without setting everything alight, at this time of year?"

"It is necessary to be very careful," he said. "At the Howqua, by the river, there are stones built up to make a fireplace, and there Billy Slim allows a fire to be made. The fishermen cook steaks there sometimes; I have done that myself."

He would not let her carry anything, and they set off down the track through the woods into the valley. As they went he told her a story Billy Slim had once told him: how he had struck a match among the gum trees, and it had burned blue. He had put it out at once. That was a danger sign. It meant that the hot sun had evaporated the oil from the trees. The air was full of it. It could explode and start a forest fire.

"Did a fire like that burn the town that was here?" she asked.

He nodded. "One like that. I will show you where the town was."

Presently through the green aisles ahead of them, and below, they saw a turn of the river, and then another. They dropped down into the valley flat and came out on an open sward beside the river where no trees were growing, a meadow of perhaps five acres along the river bank. On the other side of the river, in among the trees, there was the iron roof of a weatherboard house. "That is where Billy Slim lives," he told her, "the forest ranger."

He put the basket and the grill down under a tree that stood alone in the meadow, not far from the river. "This is where the town was," he said.

She looked round, startled. "Where? Here?"

"Here where we are standing, in this flat," he said. "There were many houses here fifty years ago, and in the trees up the hill, where we have come."

"It seems incredible that it has gone so completely," she said, "and so soon. How many houses were there here?"

WITH a shrug, he answered: "A hundred—perhaps more. There were three hotels." He moved a little way from the tree. "Can you see the line here, the rectangle? And here, another room, and here, these bricks? This was the Buller Arms Hotel, that Billy Slim's father kept. Here came the girls to serve as barmaids to the miners, the naughty girls, if that old Irishman was right." He paused. "Only fifty years ago, and now all is gone."

She said: "Carl, how have the trees recovered so quickly? These trees are very big, some of them. Have they all grown up since the last fire?"

"Fire does not kill the gum trees," he told her. "All other trees die in the forest fire, but not the eucalyptus. Next spring the gum trees shoot again, and in a very few years all is as it was before."

"Where is the cemetery?" she asked.

"It is a mile down the river, perhaps a mile and a half," he said. "There is a path that leads to it, but it is very overgrown. Also, it crosses the river three or four times, and it is necessary to walk through the water. Would you like for me to ask Billy Slim if he can lend a horse for you? It will be easier for you so."

She laughed. "I'd fall off a horse, Carl. I can't ride. How deep is the water that we've got to walk through?"

"I do not think it will be deeper than your knees."

"Well, that's all right. I don't mind getting these shoes wet. It'll be rather nice to paddle on a day like this."

They left the basket of food hung upon a branch of the tree, and started off along the meadow by the river, a clear trout-stream running rippling over water-worn stones with alternate runs and pools. Presently the path led them down to the water, and was seen emerging from the river on the far side, among the bushes. "Here is the ford," Zlinter said. "I will go first; I do not think it will be deep."

He walked into the water and turned to look back at her; she followed him gingerly. The water was cool and refreshing about her ankles, plucking at her slacks; she stooped and rolled them up above the knee. Her blouse sagged open and he saw the soft curve of her breasts because in that hot weather she had little on; he let his eyes rest for a moment in enjoyment, and then quickly averted them in case she should see him looking.

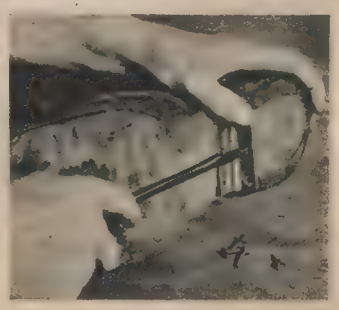
She finished with her slacks and stood erect, and found him studiously looking up the river, betraying himself; she knew what he had seen and coloured slightly, but she did not mind; her own eyes had rested once or twice on his brown chest and arms with secret pleasure. She followed him across the river; as it grew deep she reached out and took his hand, and he guided her across. In the thicket on the other side he said: "It would be better to put down your trousers now, or you will get your legs scratched."

He went ahead of her on the narrow path, forcing the bushes aside where they grew thickly and holding them back for her to pass. Presently they crossed the river again, and then a third time, and a fourth, as the path changed from side to side to avoid spurs and rocky outcrops.

It was very quiet in the forest. The

TAKE MY TIP

ALL gardeners want to save wear and tear on their boots, particularly when doing hard digging and forking during the autumn and winter. I have found it most effective to screw an old door hinge of the right size on to the edge of the heel and undersole of each boot.—H. C. J. Swain, Addlestone, near Chertsey, Surrey.



JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

sunlight fell in dappled patches on the undergrowth through the sparse foliage of the gum trees; an occasional parrot squawked and flew away ahead of them, but they saw no animals. They went on till they came to a red stone bluff on the north side of the river; the path wound round this, and Carl Zlinter stopped. "It is somewhere here," he said. "There must have been a road here at one time, from the town, but there is nothing to see now. I think the stones are over there somewhere."

Jennifer said: "What's that—over there, by the white tree?"

"That is right. That is one of them." He guided her through the undergrowth of bracken and tea tree scrub, and they came to the three stones that were still standing. He stopped beside the farthest one, and rubbed the surface of it. "This is the one."

She stooped beside him, and read the inscription. She had never doubted his story, but it was a satisfaction to her to see the carved letters with her own eyes. "Charlie Zlinter and his dog," she said quietly. "It was nice of them to bury the dog with him."

He looked at her and smiled. "That old Irishman, he said the priest would not have allowed it, but he did not know."

"Do you think he was a relation of yours, Carl?"

He smiled: "Perhaps I would like to think he was. I would like to think that someone of my family had been here before me, and had liked this place as I like it. I think he must have liked it here, because he had his cabin here somewhere, not in Banbury. You would think a bullock team driver who drove every day between this place and Banbury would have had his home in Banbury where there was a railway and more life, but it was not so. He had his home here."

She looked up at him, smiling. "Would you like to have a home here?"

He nodded soberly. "I would like that very much. For many years I have now lived in camps, always with other men, and for at least another nine months I must still live so. I would like very much to have a little cabin in the woods by a trout river, like this one, where I could come and live at the weekend and keep some books and be alone a little."

"You wouldn't be lonely?"

He shook his head. "I have seen so much of other men, all the time, in all the camps."

"You won't want a cabin in the woods in nine months' time," she said. "You'll be off somewhere qualifying to be a doctor."

"I do not think that I shall be a doctor again. It costs too much, and three years of study is too long."

"What will you do when you leave the camp, then, Carl?"

He smiled. "Perhaps I shall not leave the camp. Perhaps I shall go on as a lumberman."

"That'd be an awful waste," she said. "You ought to do something better than that."

"It is a good life," he replied. "I like living in the woods, I like that very much. If I had a cabin on the Howqua here, as Charlie Zlinter had, that I could come to at the weekends, I could be very happy as a lumberman."

"Until the lumber camp moved on, and it was too far for you to come here for the weekends," she said.

"That is the danger," he said. "Now, I have shown you what we came to see. Let us go back to the centre of the town, and I will take you to the restaurant, and we will see our steak cooked on the grill."

They walked back by the way that they had come. At the meadow by the river he showed her the rough fireplace of a few stones heaped together, remote from any inflammable scrub. He gathered a few dry fallen branches from the gum trees and a handful of bark, and laid the fire and put a match to it; she was amazed to see how quickly and how easily a fire was made in that hot summer weather. He laid the grill across the stones, sprinkled the steaks with a little salt and laid them over the fire; in ten minutes from the time that the fire was lit they were ready to be eaten.

"How much did you say this was?"

"It's awfully quick this way," she said. "And they're delicious."

"It is the best way to cook meat," he said, "especially in this country. The fire is easily made, and the smoke of the gum tree adds a little to the flavour, also. We cook many steaks like this in the forest when we are at work."

They ate in silence, sitting on the grass in the shade of the big tree where Billy Slim's father had kept his hotel, where the naughty girls came to work as barmaids, where the bedrooms worked day and night and where small bags of water-worn gold once passed across the bar in payment for drinks and other recreations.

They lay smoking on the grass when they had finished eating. "Carl," the girl said at last. "You promised last night that you'd tell me about your strange idea."

He raised himself on one elbow, laughing, noting the soft curve of her neck with quiet delight. "I have nearly told you that already."

"What have you nearly told me?"

"That I want to build a cabin for myself, here in the Howqua valley."

"I know that. But what's the strange idea?"

"You will say that it is sentimental."

She raised herself and looked at him, wondering what was coming. "Of course I shall, if it is. It may not be any the worse for that. What is it?"

He looked down at the grass. "It was a stupid little fancy," he said. "It was nothing."

"Tell me."

Carl raised his head, laughing a little in embarrassment. "It was just this. Here have been many houses, a hundred perhaps, and three hotels at least. I would like if I can to find where Charlie Zlinter had his house, and build mine there on the same place."

She smiled. "Why do you want to do that, Carl?"

"I do not know," he said. "I just want to do it. I think we are of the same family, and I have to build my cabin somewhere. I think that I would like to build it there."

"I think that's rather nice, Carl."

"You do not think it stupid?"

She shook her head. "Not a bit. But how would you find out where Charlie Zlinter lived?"

"I would like to go and have a talk with Billy Slim presently," he said. "But I do not think that he will know because he was not born at that time. I think it is more likely that I would learn something from Mary Nolan."

She smiled. "One of the naughty girls."

He laughed with her. "Yes, one of the naughty girls. But she will not be naughty now. She must be over seventy years old."

She rolled over and looked at him. "She wouldn't talk about that time, would she?" She hesitated, trying to choose her words. "I mean, Carl, if she was a naughty girl when she knew Charlie Zlinter, she wouldn't want to tell people about it when she's seventy years old."

He stared at her, perplexed. "I had not thought of that. You mean, she might know things about him, but she would not say, because of how she lived when she was young?"

She nodded. "I should think you'd have an awful job to get anything out of her. She'd have to know you very well before she'd talk, especially to a man."

He turned to her. "Would you come with me to see her? Perhaps she might talk to you."

She laughed. "I meant another woman of her age, Carl. Not a young one like me. Not unless I was a naughty girl like she was."

"You are pretty and young, as she was when she knew Charlie Zlinter," he said simply. "I think she might talk to you when she would not talk to me."

"I don't mind going to see her with you," Jennifer said. It would mean another of these delightful days, if nothing else.

"Shall we go there one day soon?" He hesitated. "You would not mind to do this for me?" he asked, a little shyly.

She turned to him. "Of course not, Carl. I'd like to go and see her with you."

They got up presently, and went to see Billy Slim. The bridge across the river to his homestead consisted of two steel cables slung across the river with planks lashed to them to form a footway; another two cables formed handrails with rabbit wire sides from the hand-rails to the footway. Jennifer paused before going on to it, and turned to Carl. "Do you think this is the same bridge?"

"Very likely," he said. "It is only fifty years."

"I'll have to be careful not to do the same thing."

"He was drunk, and it was dark, and he had a dog in his arms," Zlinter said. "It is a little different."

"It was nice of him to carry the dog," said Jennifer. "He was probably rather a nice man."

"Mary Nolan thought so." She turned and saw a gleam of humour in his eye, and made a face at him.

They found Billy Slim asleep, that hot summer afternoon; there was a stir from the bedroom as they stepped on to the veranda, and presently he looked out at them, clad only in a pair of khaki shorts. "Aw, look," he said. "I won't be more 'n a minute." He came out presently with a shirt on. "Just having a bit of shut-eye," he said.

Zlinter said: "This is Miss Jenny, who is staying with Jack Dorman."

"This the young lady who helped you do those operations at Lamirra?"

"This is the one. How did you get to know about that?"

"Aw, everybody knows about that. I heard about it at the Jig." To Jennifer he said: "How do you do, miss? I'll just put on the kettle for a pot of tea."

He busied himself with a Primus stove.

They sat down at his table. "We have just been to see the gravestones at the cemetery," Zlinter said. "To see the one that has my name upon it."

Slim paused, teapot in hand. "I went and had a look at it myself the other day. Charlie Zlinter and his dog, just like you said."

"I have found out a little more about Charlie Zlinter. He drove a bullock team." He told the forest ranger most of the information that he had collected from Pat Halloran, omitting the information that Mary Nolan was still alive. "Now I would like to find out where he lived in Howqua," he said at last.

Billy Slim set the cups before them and poured out the tea. "You don't know the street or the number?"

The Czech said: "I do not know anything but that he lived here, in the town of Howqua."

The ranger sat down at the table with them and stirred his tea. "I never saw the town myself," he said. "I come here first as just a little nipper sometime in the first war, but that was some years after it was burnt through for the first time. The fire went through here in 1909—or was it 1910? I don't know—one or the other. There wasn't any town here when I saw the valley first, but there were a lot more stumps of brick chimneys, and iron roofing, and that sort of junk. When I come here, I picked up all the iron there was and used it as walls for sheds, with new iron on the roof; I had a stable built of it, before the second fire came through. The chimney stumps, well, they just went away in time. Fell down."

"Were the houses in streets?" Carl Zlinter asked.

The forest ranger said: "Oh, my word, it was all laid out proper. Jubilee Parade ran round by the river from my dad's hotel by the big tree, and Victoria Avenue crossed it running up towards the path that you came down. Most of the houses were on one of those two streets, but there were several others, I know. I forget their names."

Jennifer said: "I suppose you don't know where Charlie Zlinter lived?"

The ranger shook his head.

"I don't. I don't think anyone could tell you that, not at this distance of time. What do you want to know that for?"

Carl Zlinter said: "It was just a fancy. I would like to build a little hut here, a place where I could sleep when I come fishing and not always trouble you. A little place of one room where I could leave fishing rods and blankets, and perhaps a few tins of food. It is better when you live always in the camp to have a little place that is your own, to come away to sometimes in privacy."

The forest ranger nodded. "Sure," he said, "you could do that. You'd have to buy an allotment from the Lands Department."

"What is that?"

"The Lands Department, in Melbourne, they own all the land, and they've got it all mapped out as town lots in the valley here. They sell these lots, see—like in any town you buy a vacant lot for a house."

Jennifer asked: "You mean, if you wanted to put up a hut down by the river you'd have to buy a town site?"

"That's right."

Carl Zlinter asked: "How much would that cost?"

"Aw, look," the forest ranger said, "there's not a lot of competition for town sites in Howqua just at the moment. I wouldn't pay more than five quid for it, not unless you picked a corner site."

"How much would the rates be?"

The ranger scratched his head. "I couldn't rightly say. They might make you pay five bob a year for the allotment."

He could not tell them any more, and presently they left him to his lonely life and went back across the

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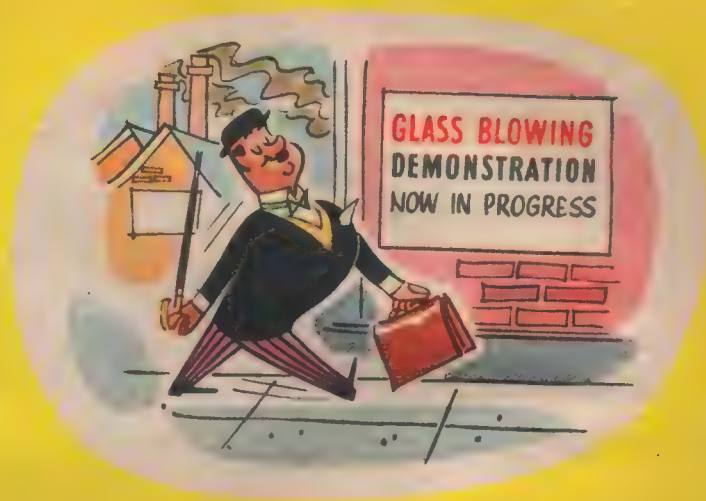
Cigarettes



A DOUBLE DIAMOND
works wonders

IND COOPE'S **DOUBLE DIAMOND** BREWED AT BURTON

wire bridge to the meadow by the river. It was very still and quiet and beautiful in the valley; the sun was dropping towards the hill, and already the shadows were growing long. "It's a lovely, lovely place," the girl said. "Whether you find out about Charlie Zlinter or not, Carl, it's a lovely place to build a little hut."

"You like it so much, too?" he asked eagerly.

"I do," she said. "I think its perfectly beautiful."

They turned from the river and walked slowly up the track towards Jock McDougall's paddock and the utility. They came to the utility too soon, and stood for a time looking over the wide forest in the evening sunlight.

At last the girl said: "It's been a wonderful day, Carl. Thank you so much for taking me."

She held out her hand instinctively, as if she were saying goodbye, and it seemed better to say what they had to say here in the solitude and quiet of the forest than at the homestead, where there would be other people. He said: "If I ask Jack Dorman to lend us this Chev again, will you come with me to see Mary Nolan on Saturday?"

"Of course. I'd love to do that, Carl."

"I will ask him when we get back." He looked at her, smiling. "It will seem a very long time," he said.

"Not so long as that," she said. "I shall see you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

She laughed up at him. "At the inquest."

"The inquest! I had forgotten all about it."

"That's what I hoped you'd do," she said, getting into the car. "Don't start thinking about it now."

They drove down the rough track through the woods, not talking very much, but very conscious of each other. They came out in the end upon the main road to Lamirra, and then, too soon, they were at Leonora, opening each paddock gate as they passed through.

Jack Dorman met them in the yard, glancing critically at the Chev. "Brought it home all in one piece?"

"I have not hit it against anything," said Zlinter. "It was very, very kind of you to lend it to us."

Jennifer left him talking to Jack Dorman by the car, leading up to a suggestion that they should borrow it again on Saturday, and went into the house. She found Jane in the kitchen ironing.

"There was a telegram for you from England, Jenny," she said. "It came over the telephone; I wrote it down." She passed across to the girl an old envelope with pencilled words written on the back. "Not too good news, I'm afraid."

The girl took the paper from her. It read:

Think you should know mummy very ill bronchitis and asthma sends you all her love with mine. Writing airmail. Daddy.

The telegram jerked Jennifer back into the hard, bleak winter of England, that in the heat and ease and beauty of the Australian summer she had almost forgotten. Seven weeks after she had sailed from Tilbury, with the shirt sticking to her back in the heat, it was difficult for her to think about the freezing fogs of Leicester, and all that they meant to her bronchial and asthmatic mother.

At Jane's suggestion she wrote her mother a telegram that they telephoned through to the post office, a telegram of sympathetic, conventional words of love.

She felt as she drafted it that it was totally inadequate and for the first time she felt real regret that she had ventured so far from her home.

Jane said casually: "Of course, you can telephone if you really want to. I believe it costs about two pounds a minute. They say it's very good."

Jennifer had become so used already to the Australian way with money that she considered this seriously for a moment. "I don't think so," she said. "She hasn't got the telephone in her bedroom, so she couldn't take the call herself. Unless I could speak to

mummy personally, I don't think it would be worth it."

She sat down and wrote her a long air mail letter instead, all about everything except Carl Zlinter and the Howqua valley.

She went into Banbury next morning with Jane and Jack Dorman in the Ford utility. The inquest was held in the police court next to the police station, a smallish room uncomfortably furnished with a table, a dock and a few wooden benches. The coroner was an elderly grazier, a Mr. Herbert Richardson, who had been a Justice of the Peace in Banbury for many years and took the infrequent inquests that arose, as deputy coroner for the district. Jim Forrest was there with Carl Zlinter, and Dr. Jennings, and a fair number of onlookers.

Mr. Richardson was rather deaf and unaccustomed to an inquest; he needed a good deal of prompting by the police, but finally he opened the proceedings by inviting Sergeant Russell to tell the story of the death of Albert Hanson, which the police sergeant did with commendable detachment.

The deceased, he said, had been the victim of an accident to a bulldozer in the woods above Lamirra; the manager of the Lamirra Timber Company was present in the court. The foot of the deceased had been amputated on the scene of the accident by a man called Zlinter, who was present. Mr. Zlinter was not registered as a practitioner in Victoria. He was assisted in the operation by a Miss Morton, who was present, and who held no qualifications as a nurse. The man Hanson had died some hours later at the camp at Lamirra, and Dr. Jennings, who was present, had seen the body shortly after death. The deceased was known to the police as an alcoholic. The circumstances leading up to the man's death appeared to the police to be irregular, but they had not yet made any charge.

On the suggestion of the police sergeant the coroner called Mr. Forrest to give evidence; he took the oath and started in to tell the story, the coroner laboriously writing down his evidence in longhand. Presently he asked: "So you authorized the man Zlinter to take off the foot of the deceased man, did you?"

"Too right," said Mr. Forrest. "I couldn't do anything else."

"Did you know at the time that he had no medical licence to practise in Australia?"

"I knew that."

"But you authorized him to do this operation?"

"Aw, look," the manager said, "what would you have done? We couldn't get a doctor, 'n we couldn't leave him there all night. If we'd tried to shift the sticks and bulldozer quick, we'd have dropped one on top of him, like as not. I reckoned I was lucky to have a doctor of any sort there, even if he was a crook one."

The old man wrote all that down slowly. "I see. And when you got him to the camp, what happened?"

The tale went on. "And then some silly bastard went 'n give him a bottle of whisky," the manager said at last. "He got fighting drunk 'n it was all that we could do to keep him in the bed. My word. And then, after an hour or two of that, the doctor give him something, 'n soon after that he died."

"When you say the doctor, you mean Mr. Zlinter?"

"That's right. Mr. Zlinter."

"Who was in charge of this man when he got the whisky?"

There was an awkward pause. "Well, we was all in charge of him, you might say. I'd got the doctor and the nurse there, 'n I was round about myself most of the night."

"By the nurse, you mean Miss Morton?"

"That's right."

The coroner whispered for a moment with the police sergeant. "That will do, Mr. Forrest. Call Miss . . ." He peered at a paper before him. "Miss Jennifer Morton."

Jennifer went to the witness stand and took the oath in a low voice. The coroner said: "Are you a registered nurse?"

She shook her head and said, "No."

"Eh, what's that? What did she say?"

Sergeant Russell said: "She said no, sir." To Jennifer: "You'll have to speak up a bit."

The old man said: "Were you in charge of the deceased man at the camp, before he died?"

She said: "I—I don't think so."

The coroner said testily: "But you were acting as a nurse?"

"Yes. I was helping Dr. Zlinter."

"Will you please stop talking about Dr. Zlinter," he said irritably. "As I understand it, he is not a doctor at all."

The girl flushed, and said nothing. There was a pause.

At last the old man said: "Were you supposed to be looking after this man before he died?"

"I don't think so, sir. I couldn't have been. I was helping Mr. Zlinter in the next room with the other operation."

"That was the head injury?"

"Yes. We were in that room for over two hours. It was in that time that he must have got the whisky."

"And in that time you were not looking after him?"

"No, sir."

She saw Carl sitting tense and silent. Her heart went out to him.

The coroner whispered to Sergeant Russell who shook his head. "That will do, Miss Morton," and Jennifer went back to her seat, tired with the brief strain. The coroner said: "Call Dr. Jennings."

The doctor took the oath. "I understand that you examined this man shortly after death."

"That's right."

"What was the cause of death?"

The doctor said: "Operational shock, aggravated by an excessive amount of alcohol. I understand that the man drank a whole bottle of whisky."

"You conducted a post-mortem?"

"I did."

"Did you find whisky in the body?"

"I did. A very large amount."

"In your opinion, if this man had not taken this unfortunate dose of whisky, would he have recovered?"

The doctor said carefully: "I think he would have recovered. He had an enlarged liver, somewhat diseased; I have preserved a sample of that. That condition is usually due to habitual excessive drinking. Such a man would not be a good subject for an operation of any sort, and so it is a possibility that he might have died after the operation in any case. But the operation was skilfully and properly performed, and he would have had a good chance of recovery—apart from the whisky."

It took some time to write that down.

"I see." The old man finished writing, thought for a minute, and then said: "I understand that this man Zlinter did another operation on the same evening. Can you tell us how that is going on?"

Dr. Jennings said: "That was a much more difficult operation than the amputation. It involved the removal of a portion of the skull completely, and the lifting of two other pieces. Normally one would not like to tackle such an operation without full hospital facilities, but in this case it was done by Mr. Zlinter in very difficult and improvised conditions, assisted by Miss Morton. That operation also seems to have been very well done, particularly well in the circumstances. The patient is now likely to recover."

There was a long pause while this was written down. "I see. Am I to take it that these men received satisfactory medical attention, then?"

The doctor thought deeply for a minute. "So far as the operations are concerned," he said, "I think they were well done. The after-care was not so satisfactory. It was probably impossible to remove the head injury to hospital until the ambulance became available. It would have been possible, perhaps, to take this man Hanson into hospital, and he wouldn't have got the whisky there. But that is being wise after the event, and I don't think one should blame Mr. Zlinter for his decision to keep both men at the camp till I arrived with the ambulance."

The coroner whispered again to Sergeant Russell. Then he said: "Have you ever known the man Zlinter to do an operation before?"

"No sir. I have known him to do dressings and first aid for minor injuries, which have sometimes come to me for treatment later on."

"And you have been quite happy that he should do that sort of work up at Lamirra?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you consider him competent to do the sort of operations that he did on this occasion, Dr. Jennings?"

The doctor said carefully: "As a general rule, sir, I should not regard him as competent to operate until he had complied with the regulations of the Medical Registration Board, which means that he would have to do a

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Nonsense galore

It seems to me that most people try to run their lives on fallacies and old wives' tales. They form their opinions on rumours and base their judgments on ignorance.

There is excuse for not knowing, little for not wanting to know, none at all for being too lazy to find out.

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

ask the expert

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further period in a medical school here. In this particular emergency both these men would probably have died but for his care. That was the alternative. The operations that he performed should have saved both lives, but unfortunately one man has died through his own intemperance." He paused. "I should like to make it clear that I have quite a high opinion of Mr. Zlinter's capabilities as a surgeon."

"You have a high opinion of him?"

"Certainly, sir. If he were properly qualified in this country I should be glad to have him as a partner."

A further bout of whispering with the police sergeant. "That will do, Doctor, thank you. Call Mr. Zlinter."

Carl Zlinter stepped to the witness stand and took the oath. "What is your nationality, Mr. Zlinter?"

"I am a Czechoslovakian, sir."

"And have you any medical qualifications?"

"I am a licentiate of the University of Pilsen and a Doctor of Medicine, sir." He pulled some papers from the breast pocket of his coat. "I have here my diploma."

The coroner, who looked at it with interest, unable to read one single word, said: "Very good."

The coroner leaned back in his chair. "You have heard all the evidence, Mr. Zlinter," he said. "I think we have heard enough evidence now to determine the cause of this man's death, and I do not propose to ask you any questions. I have called you because I have some things to say to you."

THE coroner paused, and went on deliberately: "You have heard the evidence, and from the evidence it is fairly clear that in an emergency you performed two operations competently and well, one of which was a very serious and delicate operation. I have to thank you on behalf of the community, and at the same time I have to give you a warning.

"You are not licensed as a doctor in this state or in Australia at all, and if you should do any further operations, and if they should turn out badly, you would be open to a charge of manslaughter. I do not want to seem ungrateful to you, but that is the law. Before doing any further operations you must get yourself qualified. Do you understand that?"

Carl Zlinter said: "Yes, sir. I have always understood that ver' well."

"Well, you'd better get yourself qualified as soon as you are able to. Thank you, Mr. Zlinter; you can stand down now."

Carl Zlinter went back to his seat, and the coroner whispered again with the police sergeant. At last he raised his head, shuffled his papers, and said:

"This inquest has been called to ascertain the cause of the death of Albert Hanson. The evidence that we have heard shows that the man died of operational shock following upon an accident with a bulldozer, and that the operational shock was aggravated and intensified by a great quantity of alcohol which the man got hold of in some way that cannot be ascertained, and drank. I do not think the fact that the operation was performed by an unregistered surgeon had any particular bearing on the cause of death, but the fact that whisky was supplied to him after the operation was certainly a factor in his death. For this the management of the Lamirra Timber Company were responsible.

"I cannot close this inquest without expressing my opinion that some negligence occurred on the part of Mr. Forrest in the after-care of these men. It appears that no organization for the treatment of serious injuries exists at Lamirra. I think that there should be such an organization, a small hospital or dressing station where such injuries can be properly treated and isolated. If that had existed, the life of this man might have been saved. I find a verdict of accidental death, with a strong recommendation that the company should consider what I have said. I shall not be so lenient with them if this should happen again."

He shuffled his papers together, rose from his seat and went out of the court; the people on the public benches began to stream out of the door. Jack Dorman unostentatiously got out early, and fell into step with Dr. Jennings as he walked towards his car.

"All went off very well, Doctor," he said.

The doctor nodded. "I was sorry Jim Forrest got a rap, but I suppose somebody had to have it."

"Aye," said the grazier, "but I don't suppose Jim'll lose much sleep." He hesitated. "It was good of you to say what you did about Splinter," he said. "It could have gone crook for him."

The doctor nodded. "I know. He did a good job, as good as anybody could have done in the conditions. It was only fair to make that clear."

"When you said you'd be glad to have him as a partner," Jack Dorman remarked, "I suppose that was just a manner of speaking, for the police and old Bert Richardson?"

The doctor stopped and glanced at him. "I don't know that I meant it to be taken very seriously," he said. "However, Zlinter's not qualified, so there's an end of it."

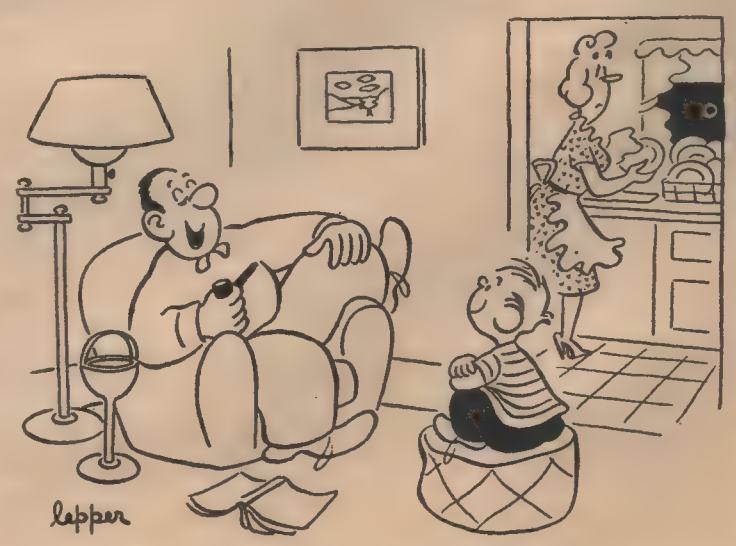
"He might be one day," the grazier said.

"Are you thinking of financing him?"

Jack Dorman looked away. "Not on your life. I was just wondering how you'd feel about it if he ever turned up in this district as a proper doctor."

The doctor looked at him strangely. "I wouldn't mind a bit," Jennings said slowly. "He certainly did those two operations very skilfully." He looked thoughtfully after Jack Dorman, as the grazier walked away.

To be continued next week



"What first attracted me to your mother, my boy, was your grandmother's cooking"

FACE IN THE NIGHT

Continued from page 13

and old, and occupied by elderly Mrs. Todd.

He knew her slightly, because she had a Siamese cat that sometimes paraded itself in the front garden, and he had made a fuss of it. He liked cats, for their calm aloofness and inscrutable eyes. This one, Beauty, seemed to have a cold, sleek contempt for the shabbiness of Lingbridge. Its friendliness to him was a little flattering.

Beyond the cottage lay a dirty plot of ground, followed by a couple of semi-detached villas, a lane leading to a farm, and then the bank.

Harry Foster was already there. "Bit nippy this morning," he said, warming his hands over the fire in the back room.

Marklin nodded. He and Foster were much of an age, of similar build and features and colouring. That was what had given him the idea—that, and the fact that the wages for the workmen were now brought here by car on the Thursday afternoon. It gave them more time to get things sorted out before counting out the piles of notes to the works payclerks on the Friday morning.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday passed in normal routine. On Thursday morning Marklin arrived with a sizeable suitcase.

"Staying the night with some friends of mine," he explained to Foster.

He dumped his case and grey coat and black hat in the back room, and tackled the day's work with a detached calmness worthy of Beauty—or Bute, as old Mrs. Todd often called the animal. Between two and three, thousands of pound notes were delivered for the morrow's pay-out. At half-past five he sauntered into the back room, put on a pair of gloves, picked up the poker, and stepped silently behind the door.

"Oh, Foster," he said casually, "just a moment."

Foster stepped in. The poker swirled down with terrific force. Marklin considered his victim for a moment. He might have been Beauty dispassionately surveying a slain mouse. In a neat, efficient way, he proceeded to undress his victim. Next, he stripped off all his own clothes, leaving his notecase and cigarette case in them, and fitted them on Foster. He strapped his watch around Foster's wrist. So far, he had taken eleven minutes. He had budgeted for a quarter of an hour. He was pleased with the swiftness of the job.

From the suitcase he fished a pair of scissors, a razor and some shaving cream. In another two minutes he was clean-shaven, and hairs were sizzling in the fire. The suitcase also contained a change of clothing, including a dark-blue overcoat and a brown soft hat. He put them on, together with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles with plain glass lenses. There was a mirror on the wall, and he glanced approvingly at his changed appearance.

Foster's clothes and overcoat and hat went into the case. Later they would have to be weighted and dropped into some river. It was a pity they took up so much space. Still, they left quite a lot of room for packages of notes. That was the advantage of these expanding cases.

He tucked away £15,000 into the case, and another few hundred about his person. For six months he would make no attempt to pass any of them into circulation. Meanwhile, his own savings in the bag in the Manchester cloakroom would keep him going. After his week at the Saville, he would move on to some biggish hotel in another city. It would be wise to remain in England for a month. Later, Belfast, south to Dublin, and from there across to the States.

He snapped home the catches on the case. There was one final, simple and masterly act to complete his plan. Stooping, he lifted his victim and lowered him, face downwards, among the embers of the fire. That was how poor James Marklin had fallen under the murderous blow from Harry Foster.

Marklin smiled. It had been absurdly easy, and Walter Smith need have no fear whatever about the future. Somebody would make a hurried and shrinking identification of poor Marklin at the inquest. The police would be on the hunt for a Harry Foster they would never find. And Walter Smith would be sitting pretty.

As for the chance of being recognized by some acquaintance while he remained in England, that could be dismissed as no risk at all. For one thing, it was astonishing how the clean shave and the spectacles had altered him. For another, anybody glancing at him and thinking: Surely that's Marklin? would suddenly be reminded: Oh, no, it can't be. The poor chap's dead.

He picked up the case, and strode from the back room into the banking parlour with the carefree buoyancy of a man going on holiday. But he was cautious in his own confident fashion. One more hazard lay between him and final success—his exit from the bank. Keeping well clear of the window, he peered into the shadowy street. The lamp outside Rose Cottage threw a reasonably wide aura. He could see left and right, up and down the street, and there was not a soul in sight. This was more a matter of judgment than luck. The afternoon shift at the atomic station knocked off at five, and private buses took them away to their digs or hutted camp. Between five and six, the handful of villagers were having their tea.

He crossed to the door. In one minute he would be walking into the complete darkness outside the hamlet and turning off down a narrow lane. A six-mile trudge lay ahead of him, to the station at Drailhurst. Better to avoid Holmforth altogether, though the odds against being recognized were a million to one. Still, he felt more comfortable having this short stretch of street to himself.

He slipped out, shut the door and turned left.

Inside Rose Cottage, old Mrs. Todd was sipping tea. Beauty, squatting on a favourite spot, the window-ledge, stared into the street and began to purr. The purr changed to the chittering "talk" typical of the Siamese breed.

The old lady laughed. "There's only one other you'll do that for besides me. Ay." She, too, glanced through the window. Then she raised it and called: "Isn't Bute clever? He knew you, although you're wearing a different coat an' hat. Good night."

She could see his face in the lamplight, and wondered why it had turned deathly.

THE END

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

Continued from page 12

people. But most popular of all was "Uckers," a special form of ludo, played with great enthusiasm every night. Uckers competitions between the various messes, wardroom included, were a regular feature of our daily life.

One day the captain with a little embarrassment, produced from his drawer several skeins of coloured wool, a needle and canvas, and began working on a half-finished cushion cover in *gros-point*, a hobby which he said he found creative, absorbing and soothing to the nerves. He would design his own patterns, and many and fierce were the arguments over choice of colours when he was ready to begin a new one. Some of us began whittling away at wooden scale models of *Sealion*; the E.R.A.s, with all the resources of the engine-room at their disposal, were a superior lot and made their models in brass.

Our torpedo gunner's mate was forever making violins and did, I believe, occasionally finish one; but more often he would be dissatisfied with the elegant curves on which he had lavished weeks of care and break the thing up. He also played the accordion with skill, and sometimes of an evening he would settle down with his squeeze-box among the sailors in the overcrowded torpedo-stowage compartment and play tune after tune, and for an hour or two their present dangers and discomforts were forgotten.

So the time passed as we climbed the world's shoulder and crossed into the Arctic Circle, with the days growing steadily shorter and colder. We took a wide sweep round the northern tip of Norway, passed midway between North Cape and Bear Island, and began to converge on the coastline towards the Kola Inlet, where a Soviet destroyer was due to meet us.

Fifteen minutes before the appointed hour, Number One at the periscope reported a destroyer coming out towards us. The captain watched until she was only a few cables off, and surfaced on her quarter on the exact second of the rendezvous time. After an exchange of recognition signals, we took station astern and followed her in towards the wide entrance to the Kola Inlet, eagerly scanning the snow-bound shores of the strange new land as it opened up ahead of us. Soon, turning a bend, we had our first view of Polyarnoe, the small naval port which was to be our base. Murmansk, the terminus of the British convoys, was several miles farther up the river.

Admiral Was Arrested

All Russians wear beards, we had said to ourselves when we left England, and thought the long sea trip an excellent opportunity of making a start with our own stubbly growths. As it turned out, every Russian in Polyarnoe was clean-shaven, and the only beards we saw were our own. The senior British naval officer was horrified at the hirsute appearance of the latest representatives of the Royal Navy. Indeed, the Admiral disapproved of everything to do with Polyarnoe. His disapproval was not mitigated by his being restricted to certain routes for his daily constitutional; on one occasion he was actually arrested when he inadvertently strayed from the prescribed path.

The Russians on their side were equally suspicious of us; their sentries were belligerent in manner, held their rifles very much at the ready whenever they examined our passes, and always gave us a most uncomfortable feeling in the small of our backs as we walked away. Their jumpiness was perhaps hardly surprising, since we were only about thirty miles from the frontiers of Finland and German-occupied Norway. Sometimes at night we saw ghost figures, dressed in white, assembling softly in the snow, and knew them for Russian soldiers moving up to the front, the most northerly front of the whole world war.

Guarding Ice-free Port

It was an important front because Murmansk was the only northern Russian port that remained ice-free throughout the winter. The purpose of our visit was to assist the Russian submarines in their attacks on the sea route up the Norwegian coast to the ports of Kirkenes and Petsamo, through which the Germans were trying to supply and reinforce their army on this front. These attacks would also help to divert attention from the passage of our convoys.

Sealion was the third British submarine to reach Polyarnoe. *Tigris* had been the first and, after many successful patrols, had returned to England with a live reindeer as passenger. *Trident* was still operating.

At first we found the strangeness of it all tremendously stimulating. We took childish pleasure in stumping through the crisp snow and seeing skis and horse-drawn sledges used as normal methods of getting about. The tall, red-brick buildings looked impressive at a distance, in their skyscraper style of architecture. Closer to, they were cheap and shoddy, but at least their central heating was efficient and the food was good.

When we were in harbour resting between patrols we lived in one of these block-houses. We had a Russian cook, and two Russian girls to wait on us at meals. They served up superb greasy soups full of vegetables, and always on the table were bowls of caviare and thick chunks of smoked salmon to which we freely helped ourselves between courses.

Attached to us for liaison and interpreting was a rather tiresome Russian woman called Gellina, without humour or feminine grace that I could discover. She was forever arguing politics, and produced all the old, out-worn clichés of Communist propaganda with a persistent fervour. In self-defence we would pull her leg without mercy about the wonderful life in Soviet Russia, until she swept off with a red face and the conviction that we were a hopeless lot of diehard capitalists and imperialists.

Considering that we were supposed to be allies, we saw very little of our Russian brothers-in-arms. This was partly due to the language difficulty, but also, I am sure, to the absence of mutual trust and confidence at higher levels. It happened that the occasion on which we saw most of our allies was the evening of the day we first arrived. We were invited to a fleet concert, and took our places with numerous Russian officers and commissars at the back of a large and sumptuously fitted hall. We were the object of much curiosity on the part of the packed audience. Dead tired from our arduous journey, we hoped the concert would not be long. To our dismay, it was

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preceded by a political meeting which lasted an hour.

At last the concert began. It consisted of numerous turns, all given by sailors from the ships in the harbour. I doubt whether the whole of the British Navy could have produced such brilliant talent. The dancing turns were vigorous and stirring, but best of all was the singing of the Red Sailors' Choir. Next, to our astonishment, the curtain rose on the solitary figure of *Sealion's* T.G.M. How he managed to get himself into the programme we never discovered, but he now proceeded to treat the audience to the whole of his accordion repertoire, ending with "Black Eyes," amid great enthusiasm.

One evening we invited the officers of one of the Russian submarines lying alongside *Sealion* to come aboard for drinks. It had been arranged that an interpreter would accompany them, but at the last minute he was unable to come. This promised a rather sticky party, with no common language.

However, they arrived, shook hands formally with us and sat round the wardroom table. We opened up the wine locker and produced gin, whisky, brandy, rum and sherry, inviting them by signs to take their choice. They chose whisky, which they drank neat and straight down in one. Next they went on to the sherry. We were taken aback, but said nothing, and for ourselves stuck to the whisky.

The Party Went Well

Meanwhile I discovered that one of them had a smattering of German, and casting back into what I remembered from school I managed to establish a bridge of communication in the language of our common enemy. But alcohol was the better interpreter. By the time they got around to trying our gin (which they thought inferior to vodka) the party was going like a bush fire and conversation was animated. We produced an atlas and compared home towns; they told us, wistfully, they would never have the chance to see other countries: foreign travel was not encouraged by the rulers of Soviet Russia. When at last the party broke up, every one of our guests needed assistance across the gangplank. Unfortunately this successful example of allied intercourse was not repeated.

Before we left England we had imagined that at sea we should have icebergs and pack-ice to contend with. But on this fringe of the Arctic Ocean the water was kept from freezing by the Gulf Stream, here making its last effective sweep before surrendering to the rigours of the Barents Sea. In our patrols between the Kola Inlet and North Cape, we encountered no floating ice, but, during the brief daylight, visibility was hampered by the spray which froze on the periscope and by frequent snowstorms which blotted out the land for hours on end.

One particularly bitter morning when I was officer of the watch and last off the bridge as we made our routine dive, I found I could not quite shut the hatch because of a coating of ice. We were already on our way down, and in a moment the sea would be over the bridge. I called down the tower to Colvin: "I can't shut the hatch, sir!" His ginger-bearded face appeared below me. "Well, just hang on to it," he said, "I daresay it will shut presently."

Ocean Was Pouring In

So, as the sea spilled through the open crack, I hung on to the clips, angry with the captain for taking so calmly what appeared to me a dangerous situation. Half the Arctic Ocean was pouring over my head and down my neck. My mind flashed back to the last time I had been inside a conning-tower with the sea coming in, and this no doubt exaggerated my alarm. But gradually, as Colvin knew it would, the water melted the ice, the pressure of the sea increased, and by the time we reached periscope depth the flow of water stopped and I was able to force the clips home. Speechless with cold and anger, I climbed below and made my way to the wardroom to change my sodden clothes. It was half an hour before I was able

"Up this way, boys. I've got my rope across a rock or something"

to see the funny side of the incident.

We encountered little excitement on these Arctic patrols. Somewhere not far from North Cape one morning we intercepted a small ship of not more than a thousand tons, and Colvin decided to come up and gun her. We fired a round across her bow as a warning, but she took no notice. After our second round had landed in her engine-room, however, she turned broadside on to us and stopped. We ceased firing and waited while the crew lowered a boat and rowed over to us.

We now saw that our victim was a Norwegian. It was unfortunate, but the Norwegians were carrying German cargoes, under duress, and the traffic had to be stopped. I was sent down on to the fore-casing to assist the men aboard. In the meantime Colvin continued to sink the ship by gunfire.

While the shooting was still proceeding we suddenly saw a German aircraft flying slowly along the coastline less than four miles away. It was an awkward moment, as we still had the Norwegians, one of them badly wounded, on the casing. Fortunately the Germans never saw us, and flew steadily away into the distance.

Eventually the Norwegians were all sent to England. A month later, Colvin's mother found herself faced with a situation not catered for by any book of etiquette. Ought one to express regret or pleasure, she wrote, when a complete stranger knocks at one's door and announces himself as the captain of a ship which had been sunk by one's son? However, she had asked him in and found him a delightful guest, entirely without resentment.

Glad To Go Home

Colvin, being more sensitive than most naval officers, never managed to acquire the crust of emotional indifference towards his targets which would have been natural in one whose business was war. I remember an occasion on another patrol when we intercepted a merchant ship making for Kirkenes. Colvin fired three torpedoes. Watching through the periscope for the result, he suddenly looked quite sick and said, in tones of great distress, "God, how I hate doing this." There was a loud bang as one of the torpedoes blew a hole in the ship's side, and it was as much as Colvin could do to keep his eyes at the periscope.

There were no escorts to worry about, so several of us were presently able to take a look. It was the first time I had seen a ship sinking. She was going down slowly by the head. Men were running back and forth along the sloping deck, and presently, to Colvin's relief, we saw that they were lowering a boat. Between the dips of the sea's swell we soon saw the men in the boat rowing strongly towards the nearby land.

We were glad when orders came shortly before Christmas for us to return to Britain.

NEXT WEEK: We sink a U-boat—then off we sail for embattled Malta

GUTHRIE SHOOTS FOR THE FOOTBALLERS' UNION

Continued from page 9

Cup final. It was literally a nightmare game for Jimmy.

Two nights before the match he dreamed that he had missed a penalty. It reminded Jimmy next morning that his boots needed repairs, but his kit had already been sent to London.

Just before half-time in the final, Portsmouth were awarded a penalty. Guthrie asked Andy Black, guest player from Hearts, to take it. Andy and the rest of the team demanded that Jimmy should take the spot kick as he usually did. So Jimmy ran up to the ball, his stud caught in the ground, and his shot trickled in slow motion towards Johnny Jackson, the Brentford goalkeeper.

Stranger On A Bus

Just to rub it in, a stranger sitting next to Jimmy Guthrie in a Portsmouth bus said: "Did you see the match? Was there ever such a clot as that chap Guthrie? I've got a boy of four who could kick a ball harder than that."

While Jimmy was agreeing with the stranger that Guthrie had made a fair muck of things, one of his acquaintances got on and shouted: "Hallo, Guthrie. What did you think of the match?" For once in his life Jim retreated, although it was a mile to his stop.

In 1946 Guthrie became chairman of the Players' Union. Two years later, retiring from active football, he was appointed paid chairman-organizer.

Guthrie had to contend with strong prejudice among club directors against the very existence of a union. One chairman of a First Division club told him: "If your players strike, we will break your union, just as I broke the power of the unions in my own business after the General Strike."

Said Jimmy smoothly: "I'll tell the boys that. You're a fighter, a man after my own heart."

"I'm not sure that I don't like you, too," said the chairman grudgingly.

With the Ministry of Labour holding a watching brief, this season will see the first attempts to implement some of the recommendations of the committee's White Paper, nicknamed the "Players' Charter." Guthrie wants a sound wage for the ordinary player and a proper reward for the stars.

Since the war, through the efforts of the union, the maximum permitted wage for players has been raised from £8 to £14 a week in winter and to £10 in summer. Minimum wages are £7 a week in winter and £5 in summer.

But only about twenty per cent of League players receive the maximum, and, however brilliant a player may be, he can legally be paid no more than £14, plus £2 bonus for a win and £1 for a draw. If he is transferred for even £35,000, his only legitimate share is a £10 signing-on fee.

Warned After A Drink

When Guthrie first went to Portsmouth, he left the ground after a home game and walked into a public house for a drink. Next day a colleague warned him: "You must not do that here. The directors don't like it. When you want a drink, you'll have to do as we do—sneak out into the country."

"Listen," said Jimmy. "I am a footballer and a craftsman. So long as I do my job on the pitch and keep myself fit and clean off it, I shall do as I like in my spare time. Aren't you fellows men enough to control your own lives? Are you skilled artists or are you boardroom puppets?"

That is Jimmy's declaration of faith in the status of his own profession. He believes that human dignity should not be traded for a transfer fee. It is unlikely to be while right-half Guthrie is out there in the middle, fighting for the Players' Union. THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 22 is of Helen Keller as a child. The text is taken from her autobiography, "The Story Of My Life," published by Hodder & Stoughton

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The last six "Examples" are incomplete. If using one of them just add ONE word of your choice in the position indicated by the dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

The World Forgets
Prosperity's Plums
We Expect
What Science Has Done
Hollow
Plaything Of Fate
The Savage
Averted A Crash
She's Economizing, So
Mother's Precious
Takes Two
Getting Quite Frisky
Our Fishmonger
Howled Down
Juggling With Figures
Cupboard Love
Sawdust
Upset The Spiv
Gathered In
With A Piercing Shriek

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Until He.....
On The Wrong.....
Not One To.....
.....In The Factory
The Lure Of.....
Down With.....And

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,850 (or Xword 802), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,845

FIRST PRIZE, £750: C. Wright, 83 Grasby Road, Hull:

Thunder And Lightning Over Harwell—Gentle Reminder?

£50: M. Harding, 247 Central Drive Blackpool: SMOOTHED BY THE SEA—*Life's* "SHARP STONES," TOO.

£25: G. W. T. Keates, 88 Sunnyside Gardens, Upminster: ENGLISHMAN ABROAD—MUSIN'T FORGET *Either* FACT.

OTHER AWARDS. £10: W. G. Twigg, 1 Saxon Street, Burton-on-Trent: IN THE DAYS OF FLINTS—AGAIN, GIVEN ONE "FLASH"? £10: G. Vellender, 25 Osborne Villas, Hove: TO KEEP THE WOLF AT BAY—GIVE DISABLED BIGGER "STICK"! £5: H. Baxter, 149 Newhall Road, Attercliffe, Sheffield: HARDLY CIVILIZED—BEFORE THEY ORGANIZE *Strikes*! £5: D. Blackmore, 30 Stockbridge Lane, Huyton, nr. Liverpool: ABOARD THE "SKYLARK"—OR "MARIE CELESTE," MAN? £5: W. G. Munson, 48 Warwick Way, Whipton, Exeter: HOME OF THEIR OWN—SO "QUEER STREET" ENDURED. £5: A. Penhale, 16 Minterne Road, Winton, Bournemouth: TO KEEP THE WOLF AT BAY—BARMAID'S *Fiancé* SERVED GRANDPA! £5: W. H. Walsh, 6 Pink Street, Bank Top, Blackburn: HARDLY CIVILIZED — AUNTIE WITH MISSIONARY BOX!

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Across Clues XWORD 802

1. One's unlikely to think it poisoned just because of pain experienced
3. There's often something about this which much appeals to a child
7. May at times be cutting
10. Is not really fast
11. This is an asset to a political party
13. Scotland Yard sometimes gets communication of which the meaning is not at all easy to
14. Is inclined to go too far

Down Clues

1. It's surprising when one breaks into a run
2. Mere sight of, may make weary traveller feel like a drink
4. If it's pouring hard, hikers may console themselves by poring over these
5. Sometimes leaves the garden looking whitish
6. This is a deadly kind of shot
8. Take little kiddies down to the beach and they're soon this in sand
9. Head may be opposed to
12. Farmers would often be prepared to give quite a bit for

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated September 27, and in JOHN BULL dated October 4), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, September 20, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,850 result.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Sept. 20

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

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